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 cent imagery, striking similes, or searching reflections. Of
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 first and worthy part of a great poem—one of such a degree
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As "THE OLD PLAYGOER" has not seen *La Ristori*, we must decline to accept his criticism upon her until he has done so. That she is a true artist, and is really worthy to be classed among the constellations in whom our correspondent refers, has been certified not only by the French critics (no mean judges of acting), but by Englishmen whose opinions are entitled to respect. We think it hardly fair, therefore, that "The Old Playgoer" should compare the enthusiasm which she is now creating in Paris to "the *Billy Budds*." Our correspondent is in error when he supposes that the fame of *La Ristori* is of recent growth; in Italy her pre-eminence has been recognised for the last six years. In fact, her fame has been "world-wide"—if we except England, where (as "the Old Playgoer" states) the Italian language "is not generally understood." We, nevertheless, thank our correspondent for his friendly communication.

ERRATUM.

In the account of the Royal Irish Academy printed in our last number, the name "Dr. Haller" should be "Dr. Waller."

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN spite of the terrible anticipations of the alarmists, the repeal of the compulsory stamp does not appear to cause a revolution. So far as can be at present ascertained, the successes are likely (as we always anticipated) to be few, and the failures to be many. The established papers are mostly benefiting by the change, but very few of the new-comers are succeeding. Perhaps the only conspicuous success in the metropolis is the *Illustrated Times*, a result which the enterprising spirit of its proprietors fully merits. The *Daily Telegraph* and *Courier*, in spite of its excellent system of *colportage*, does not seem to make way; but to any one who has taken the trouble to test its merits as a newspaper, and compare it with existing journals as a mere marketable article, this fact will not create much surprise. The *Times*, in announcing the stoppage of two of the new Manchester dailies, the *Halfpenny Express* and the *Penny Express*, remarks:—"It is no uncommon thing for literary men to have false conceptions of those commercial principles which are quite as necessary to success in the conduct of a newspaper as good writing and the ability for compilation. No fault could be found with the conduct of these papers as regards the last-named qualifications, for they appear to have been well got up; but the mistake was probably one very common to new speculations of this kind, that they attempted to give too much for the money, considering the competition they had to encounter." The *Times* itself, after crying out so loudly about the anticipated damage to its interests by the abolition of the stamp, has more than indemnified itself by taking something like an extra five thousand a year out of the pockets of its readers; and enjoys a circulation, of which the extent may be guessed when we find it put in evidence at the police court that Messrs. SMITH, the news-agents, alone take twenty-seven thousand copies every morning.

The Hon. Mrs. NORTON is making a sensation in the world by a telling pamphlet, aimed at the present state of English law with respect to women. It is issued in the form of a letter to the Queen. Of course her own case affords matter for a strong illustration of her argument, of which the following specimens will serve to give some idea:—"I am not now discussing this with any reference to him (her husband) individually. Gone,—past,—buried in unutterable scorn, are the days in which I appealed either to him or from him. I complain, not of the existent husband, but of the existent law, and of that 'nation' of gallant gentlemen, who scarcely care, and scarcely know, what is the existing law on such subjects." One of Mrs. NORTON's appeals to the Queen, is in the name of her Majesty's known admiration of Lord MELBOURNE's character. "For his sake—if not for the great sake of justice, which all rulers must reverence—I feel a deep conviction it was far otherwise with your Majesty; and that when you found one of the magistrates of the city of London (a magistrate by Lord MELBOURNE's own appointment) suddenly filling the public journals of that city with base, false, and rancorous abuse of your Majesty's dead friend and servant, it was painful—not indifferent—to the royal mind." Speaking of the calumnious accusations of Mr. NORTON, she bursts forth, with an earnestness which almost excuses the strength of the language, with a solemn asseveration that they had no foundation. Every honest man and every honest woman in England will believe her. Towards the conclusion of her letter she says: "My husband has a legal lien (as he has publicly proved) on the copyright of my works. Let him claim the copyright of THIS." The "worthy magistrate" will hardly accept the challenge.

We have received the first number of a comic publication of Australian origin, and entitled the *Sydney Sketch Book*. This antipodean follower of friend *Punch* made its first appearance in the world on the 7th April last; and, although not specially remarkable in any way, either for the humour or execution of its illustrations, or the pungency of its printed wit, it clearly proves that the Australians are determined to have a satiric censor of their own, and to use it pretty freely as a licensed monitor to lash the shortcomings of their rulers. The *Sydney Sketch Book* is decidedly conservative and protectionist in its

politics from the Australian point of view. In an article called "The Horse Locomotive," it declares against railways as "costly luxuries," beyond the means of a young colony. Some of the subjects which provoke the ire of the Sydney satirists are so purely local that they defy the attempts of our English apprehension to understand them. The cartoon itself is a hieroglyph, calculated to puzzle anybody less versed in Australian politics than the member for Kidderminster. In the back-ground is a turreted building, labelled "Government House," with a little boy playing before it, and blowing a trumpet. A ragged Irishman is attempting to entice the child with a box of lollipops and a long petition, while a sour-looking old Scotch woman looks gloomily on. Underneath the child are the cabalistic letters D—N, and the two other worthies are labelled respectively P—S and D—L. The title of the entire picture is "Political Kidnappers, or catch me if you can." Among the individuals attacked is a terrible fellow named DUNMORE, to whom the following character, the reverse of flattering, is given:—

To beg or steal each daily meal—
For ever wanting money—
To do all this—for the common weal;
Such is the trade of Dunny.

An epigram, worthy of the Anti-Jacobin or *Martial*, is aimed at the new Governor.

VICTORIA'S CHOICE.

"Wanted a Governor,"—long they cried;
But when Victoria's choice they tried,
Quickly their cry the people recanting,
Found a new Governor, but found him—wanting.

The following conundrum is, perhaps, the best joke in the number:—"Why is a lady's logic, generally speaking, so confused?—Because it is utterly impossible for a woman to be plain."—And so for the present we take leave of the *Sydney Sketch Book*.

Glancing over an able little journal set apart for the discussion of questions affecting mental pathology, and called *The Asylum Journal*, we are glad to perceive that justice has at length been done to the able administration of Bethlem Hospital by Dr. HOOD. The public will remember the *exposé* which the management of this hospital suffered in 1851, Sir PETER LAURIE's agitation, the Blue-book, and the radical changes which then took place. It is not so many years since a French physician, when requested to inscribe in the visiting book some opinion upon the system, wrote—"This is a very handsome building *outside*." There can be no doubt that, when the inquiry was instituted, a cruelty to patients, ignorant treatment, and flagrant abuses in the system of attendance, were all fairly chargeable against the hospital. Since that, however, a complete revolution has been effected; and we (having some knowledge of the matter) are fully disposed to indorse the opinion of the writer in the *Asylum Journal*:—"Dr. Hood has succeeded in converting that institution from a gloomy, comfortless, wretched place, an age behind the average of country asylums in all its appointments, into one of the most commodious and magnificent establishments for the cure of the insane which this or any other country can boast." To discuss the means whereby this reform has been effected would trespass both upon the limits and purpose of this summary; but we have been induced to refer to the subject from a knowledge that literary men who were among the foremost to denounce the evils of the old system, have not yet had the candour to inform themselves upon the facts and applaud the meritorious exertions of Dr. HOOD. We may shortly take occasion to refer to this matter at greater length, in noticing Dr. Hood's report of the management of the hospital during the past year. The *Asylum Journal* also contains a very curious article upon BURANELLI's case, in which the writer clearly states it as his opinion that the medical evidence was not sufficiently conclusive to establish his sanity, and suggests that in cases where insanity is pleaded the jury should be composed of skilled men competent to decide such a point. In the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, an article upon the same subject appears from the pen of Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, and that also tells against the result of BURANELLI's trial. Dr. SUTHERLAND, upon whose evidence the Italian was hung, is here convicted of a most lamentable ignorance of physiology. So lightly are lives taken by the law.

On Wednesday, Signor MONTI delivered the last of his series of lectures upon Ancient Art and Modern Sculpture. This time he treated of the Cinque-Cento School of Italian Art, and delivered an eloquent and artistic Analysis of MICHEL ANGELO. From thence to the Renaissance the transition was easy, and then the lecturer traced with great power and taste the gradual decadence of Italian and French art. Advancing into a wider field, Signor MONTI spoke of RAUCH and the German school, GIBSON and the English, PRADIER and the Modern French, BARTOLINI and the new Italian. PRADIER he justly condemned as sacrificing art to trivial materialism—perhaps indecency would have been the better word.

Messrs. ROUTLEDGE announce for speedy publication the series of letters written by Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, the special correspondent of the *Times*, from the landing at Gallipoli to the death of Lord RAGLAN. This republication is announced to be undertaken with the sanction of the *Times*, and doubt-

less also (although that is not specially referred to) of Mr. RUSSELL. It is a curious instance of the glorious uncertainty of our law in general, and the difficulties of our copyright law in particular, that, according to the opinion of our best copyright lawyers, not even the consent of the proprietors of the *Times* need have been obtained to sanction the republication of their property. To be sure, this is a moot point, but the balance of legal opinion is against the copyright in matters of this description. However, in the present instance a discussion of that point has been rendered unnecessary by the straightforward conduct of the Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. That the volume will have an immense sale, no one who knows the style of these letters—that union of Irish dash, English vigour, and Scotch accuracy—remembers the deep interest which they have already aroused through the length and breadth of the land—not to speak of the great service which they have rendered in arousing the country to a sense of the true position of its brave soldiers engaged in the Crimean campaign—can for one moment doubt. While on this subject we take occasion to correct an error which inadvertently slipped into another division of the *CRITIC* for June 15 (page 280), in noticing "Pictures of the Battle Fields," by the Roving Englishman." The reviewer, recognising in the *nom de plume* a name familiar to the readers of *Household Words*, and remembering that certain word-pictures from the seat of war had appeared in the pages of that popular periodical, concluded that the compositions were identical. This is not the fact; the "Pictures of the Battle Fields" is quite an original work.

Among the most important announcements we note a "Magazine of Natural Philosophy," to be edited by Mr. E. J. LOWE, of Highfield-house, Nottingham, the painstaking meteorologist who records the weather in the *Times*. TENNYSON's new volume is said to be in the press; and Mr. BAILEY (commonly called Festus) is also reported to be printing a poem called "The Mystic," which is to excel all that he has hitherto given to the world. Mr. BANCROFT is said to be preparing for publication a series of the valuable original letters used by him in compiling his "History of America;" they will be interesting and useful. Capt. W. ALLEN, R.N., announces a book of Travels on "The Dead Sea and a New Route to India," as shortly to appear. The only new novel announced is "Philip Courtenay," by Lord WILLIAM LENNOR.

The new review, *The National*, turns out to be remarkably commonplace, despite the flourish of trumpets with which it ushered its own coming into the world; a brisk article upon COWER being the sole exception from an even plane of dullness.

MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P., and biographer of KEATS, has been patronising the booksellers this week by presiding over their annual feast in honour of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. There must be something really quite new and hopeful in the condition of literature when an author takes precedence of his bookseller.

In the obituary of the fortnight is included the name of Mr. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM. The London Temperance League (of which he was president) in advertising an eulogium to his memory, have anticipated the efforts of his most enthusiastic admirers. While freely admitting the value of some of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's labours, the industry of his long life, and the variety of objects which he successfully carried out, we must confess that we do not understand either the position which he assumed to himself when alive, or that which his admirers claim for him now that he is no more. More might be said; but as we did not hesitate to attack him when he was among us, now that he is gone we will treat him with the respect due to a good, amiable, and intelligent gentleman. L.

THE LATE FRANK S. MARRYAT, ESQ.

It is with the most sincere regret that we announce the decease of Mr. Marryat, author of "Borneo and the Indian Archipelago," and of "Mountains and Molehills"—the latter a work published at the commencement of this year, and which has been most favourably received by the reading public.

Mr. Marryat died at his residence, Mercers-lodge, Kensington, on Thursday the 12th inst., at noon, after a severe illness of more than six months' duration. He was the second son of the late Captain F. Marryat, R.N., the eminent novelist, and was born on the 3rd of April, 1826. Like his elder brother he early displayed an invincible longing for the sea, and was consequently entered a midshipman at the age of fourteen. Previously to this he received as large an amount of education as possible, first at Paris, and afterwards in a school at Wimbledon. Happily, in these days, the young midshipman's education is still carried on while afloat, even in matters not strictly professional, and this was the case with young Marryat, on board the *Vanguard*, Captain Sir David Dunn.) In the *Vanguard* he cruised principally

in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards entered in the Samarang, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, ordered on a surveying expedition in the Indian Archipelago. Captain Sir Edward Belcher is, we believe, well known to be not the most amiable of naval commanders. It will not surprise the reader, therefore, to be informed that a high-spirited youth like Marryat should have resisted some of his petty annoyances, or done something to call forth his displeasure. He was accordingly accused by his commander of insubordination and placed under arrest, in which predicament he continued for eighteen months, when he was allowed, upon the remonstrance of a senior captain, to exchange into the Iris, Captain Munday, and come home. In his work on Borneo, Mr. Marryat has given a very agreeable and instructive account of his four years' cruise in the Samarang, 1843-47. On his return home, he resided for some time at Langham, in Norfolk, with his father, who had lost his eldest son in the Avenger. Captain Marryat himself died in August 1848, and his son, by no means tired of a roving life, now resolved to seek fresh adventures. The field he chose was California, with reference to which he penned his work "Mountains and Molehills"—to our mind one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. The writer of this article little thought, when reviewing it a short while since for the readers of the CRITIC, that he would so soon be called upon to notice the death of its talented author. On his second journey to California, Mr. Marryat had a severe attack of yellow fever. This, it is presumed, enfeebled his constitution, although, upon his return to England, it may not have been quite apparent. On Christmas Eve last, however, he ruptured a blood-vessel, and subsequently showed strong symptoms of consumption. It was of this disease he died on Thursday last, at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving behind him a widow and one son.

Of Mr. Marryat, as a literary man, much was to have been expected, had he been spared to us. Indeed, we hear that even during his last illness he was engaged upon a work of fiction, of which he has left behind him some chapters. In society his manners were most agreeable; and his conversation showed that delicate kind of humour, as well as keen observation of mankind, which, with his other qualifications, will cause his loss to be keenly felt by every one that was acquainted with him. G. B.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

THE death of this amiable and accomplished lady has left a gap in the literary circles of Paris which time will not easily fill up; and, although the fact that the finger of death was upon her has long been familiar to all who knew her, and must have taken away from the bereavement all the sting of suddenness, yet now that she is gone we are not surprised to hear the expressions of poignant grief, the tributes of admiration and esteem offered up as incense to her memory.

A very short time ago a biographer, who dealt very harshly with her husband (we refer to the muchcondemned and contemned M. Jacquot, dit De Mirecourt), wrote a very kindly and appreciative memoir of Madame de Girardin. From corroborative facts within our knowledge we have reason to believe that this little brochure may be depended upon in the main; and we think it not altogether out of place to reproduce from its pages some of the more striking incidents of her life.

Delphine Gay was the youngest daughter of M. Gay, Receiver-Gener. the old department

of the Rhur—a Rhenish department, of which Aix-la-Chapelle was the chief place. Her mother was a poetess and a wit—too much of the latter, if it be true that some of her biting sarcasms against the superiors of her husband cost him his place, which was worth about four thousand a year to him. Witty wives are expensive. M. Gay remained thenceforth a poor man, and probably wished that he had married a more prudent if a less clever wife. Disappointed in her hopes from Napoleon, Madame Gay became an ardent Legitimist, and in 1815 put herself at the head of the procession of Parisian ladies who presented Wellington, upon his entrance into the capital, with bouquets of violets. M. de Mirecourt says that the Duke's reply to the compliment was—"Well, ladies, I can only say that if the French were entering London the English women would be in mourning." Whether the anecdote be true or not, the rebuke was deserved.

When she became a widow, Madame Gay, left almost without resources, sought to earn a livelihood by literature, and not without success. Her *salon* soon became one of the most celebrated literary *cénacles* in Paris; and among its constant visitors were numbered Chateaubriand, Beranger, Talma, and the Vernets. At these reunions the young Delphine, then fourteen years old, and radiant with infantine beauty, made her debut as a poetess: "Her large blue eyes full of beauty and sweetness, her magnificent light hair, and forehead so large and so pure, her little mouth (precious casket for her pearly teeth), her milk-white skin, combined to make her a perfect prodigy of loveliness. Beranger complimented her for the bust of a Venus, Chateaubriand for the smile of an angel."

In 1822 Delphine Gay obtained a special prize, and the crown of the Académie, for some verses in honour of the sublime devotion displayed by the sisters of Saint-Camille at the plague of Barcelona. In his report, the Secretary declared that, "if the author had not offered as an excuse her sex and age, the Académie would have supposed, from the perfection and beauty of the verses, that they had proceeded from a talent well versed in the secrets of style and poetry." Charles X., a gentleman and a generous admirer of genius, took notice of the young poetess, and is said to have granted her a pension of five hundred crowns out of his private purse. Her first serious work was *Magdeleine*, a noble and Christian poem. While engaged upon this, she travelled into Italy, where she was received with the enthusiasm which the children of that poetical and passionate clime are ever ready to exhibit towards genius and beauty. On her return from Rome, where she had been carried in triumph to the Capitol, and recited her verses to the College of Cardinals, a new ovation awaited her in France. "Baron Gros had just furnished the frescoes of the Pantheon. Led beneath the cupola by the painter himself, Delphine read her verses to the whole of aristocratic Paris collected beneath that spacious dome. Flowers and laurel crowns fell at her feet, and the vaults resounded with the echoes of unanimous plaudits. For a moment, she must have thought herself Queen of France." It was at this season of her triumph, in the zenith of her beauty and the vigour of her talents, that Delphine wrote her finest compositions—such as *Magdeleine*, *Napoline*, *Ovrika*, *La Druidesse*, *Le Pecheur de Sorrente*, and the *Rêve d'une jeune fille*. These gained for her the title of the Tenth Muse.

Delphine Gay united her lot to that of the celebrated publicist Emile de Girardin in the year 1831.

If there be any truth in the old proverb, that matrimony is the tomb of poesy, with Madame de Girardin it had a double significance. After

her marriage (if her tragedies be excepted) she wrote prose only. M. de Girardin is said to have repressed her inclinations in this respect; yet the instinct was too strong within her to be utterly destroyed, and her thoughts found utterance in those novels and dramas which have, perhaps, done more to popularise her name than even her earlier and purer works. *Le Lorgnon* was the first of these; and then came that most delicious brochure, *La Canne de M. de Balzac*; she also wrote *Le Marquis de Pontanges* and *Marguerite*. When the latter appeared we thought it our duty to express an unfavourable opinion of its moral tone, and we have seen no reason to change that opinion. Still, however, it cannot be denied that this, as all other of Madame de Girardin's works, exhibits a fund of social philosophy and kindly feeling such as are seldom found in combination. The *Marquis de Pontanges* is a witty but paradoxical book; for it has been said of it, very justly, that the heroine preserves her senses between two madmen, and extracts happiness out of two misfortunes.

"As the husband is, the wife is," wrote Tennyson. Emile de Girardin being a journalist, his wife became one also. Under the signature of Vicomte Charles de Launay, she wrote those charming and witty *feuilletons* for the *Presse*, known as the *Lettres Parisiennes*. A selection of these fugitive reviews of Paris life have been republished in volumes, and had all the success of an original work. Her biographer, speaking of them, says: "By turns she treats of Longchamps or high mass at Saint-Roch; of the Due de Bordeaux or M. Guizot; of Holy Week or the Bal Mabille; of the Bourse or the Salon; of Paul de Kock or the Abbé de Ravignan; of literary men or shopkeepers; of the Senate or the Theatre; of hackney-coaches or horse-races; of the elephant at the Bastille or a constitutional King. Her pleasantries have no bitterness, her wit is innocent. She criticises with equal severity a lady's bonnet or the policy of ministers." But perchance those who admire Madame de Girardin the most sincerely, regretted and still regret, that ever she permitted herself to become a journalist. The fierce conflicts, the rude assaults, the very anonymity of journalism, are all repugnant to the gentle tenour and single purity of a woman's life. A woman may write poems and novels without derogating from her femininity; but directly she dogmatizes as a journalist, *pro tanto* she unsexes herself. One great cause of this is, that contradiction is inseparable from journalism, and that a woman should never willfully expose herself to.

Madame de Girardin wrote several pieces for the stage. Oddly enough, her first essay in that direction was a scathing satire upon the sciolist conceit of the critics. It was called *L'Ecole des Journalistes*; but the censorship forbade its representation. *Judith*, a tragedy in three acts, was played in 1843; but the subject was not a happy one. *Cléopâtre* was more successful in 1847; but the dramatic fame of Madame de Girardin reached its culminating point in *Lady Tartuffe*, the rôle of which was created by Rachel, and realised with terrible accuracy those female hypocrites who perpetrate in modern society the vices of Molière's hero. *La Joie fait Peur* and *Le Chapeau de l'Horloger* (both written with lively wit, combined with the most delicate sensibility) close the list of her theatrical triumphs.

After supporting, for several months, a most afflictive illness, against which she struggled with heroic courage, Madame de Girardin has passed away. Her husband, in announcing his loss to the readers of the *Presse*, says that such grief as his must be silent. Perhaps in this case, and under all the circumstances, silence is the best demonstration.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. AUSTIN. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

THIS wonderfully pleasant, shrewd, and witty man was born in the year 1771, at Woodford, Essex, the second of four brothers and one sister.

His father, Robert Smith, was an oddity; he came into some money early in life, married a beautiful girl (Miss Olier), daughter of a French emigrant, left her at the church-door in charge of her mother, till his return from a trip to America; passed most of his life in wandering over the world, and in buying, altering, spoiling, and then selling about nineteen different places in England. In his old age he settled at Bishop's Lydiard,

Somerset, where he died. His wife was beautiful in mind as well as in face, and when she sent a letter to her boys at Winchester School, their schoolfellows used to gather round and beg to hear it read. She fell into ill-health while still far from old, and died about 1801, two years after her son Sydney's marriage. Her eldest son Robert, always called "Bobus," became distinguished in society by his intellect and acquire-

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ments, and surprised Madame de Stael by his powers of conversation. He had a judgeship in India, and returned to England rich. "Pray, Mr. Smith," said a lady to Sydney in after life, "were you remarkable as a boy?" "Yes, Madam," returns Sydney, "I was a remarkably fat boy." Besides this, he was a remarkably intelligent one, one of the leaders at Winchester both in learning and in mischief. He rose to be Captain of the School, and became, along with his youngest brother Courtenay, the subject of a round-robin from their schoolfellows, "refusing to try for prizes if the Smiths were to contend, as they always gained them." After leaving Winchester, Sydney's father sent him to Mont Villiers, in Normandy, for six months, to improve his French, which henceforward he was able to speak with fluency. The Revolution then raging, he was enrolled, for safety's sake, as "Le Citoyen Smit, membre affilié au Club des Jacobins de Mont Villiers." On his return to England he entered New College, Oxford, where as Captain from Winchester he was entitled to and obtained a Scholarship, and in due time a Fellowship. He was now left by his father to live upon his own resources, about 100*l.* a year, but kept out of debt, and even paid 30*l.* owed by his brother Courtenay. This brother also went to India and grew rich.

Sydney's inclination was to the Bar; but, his father having brought up Robert, the eldest, to that profession, strongly urged Sydney to go into the Church, and that very intelligent and lively young man accordingly became a curate in a hamlet scattered about in the middle of Salisbury plain, where was no society except the squire's, and little butcher's meat. A weekly cart from Salisbury conveyed the latter, and the curate in the intervals often dined on potatoes and ketchup. This was a curious position for a man so fitted by nature for the enjoyments of cookery and conversation; probably it did him a great deal of good, body and mind. His next move is thus described by himself.

When first I went into the Church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain; the parish was Netherhaven, near Amesbury. The squire of the parish, Mr. Beach, took a fancy to me; and, after I had served it two years, he engaged me as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and his son should proceed to the University of Weimar, in Saxony. We set out; but, before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and, in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society.

In 1797, Edinburgh was full of good company, at once social and intellectual, the list including Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Brougham, Allen, Brown, Murray, Leyden, Lord Webb Seymour, Lord Woodhouselee, Alison, Sir James Hall, and many others, since celebrated, then in the flush of youthful powers.

When shall I see (wrote Sydney, in a letter in after years) Scotland again? Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings!

But he never lost a chance of aiming his wit at Scotland, declaring at the same time that it "required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."

They are so imbued with metaphysics (he would say) that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, "What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the abstract; but—" here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. . . . After two years' residence in Edinburgh he returned to England, to marry Miss Pybus, to whom he had long been engaged, and whom he had known from a very early period of his life, as she was the intimate friend and schoolfellow of his only sister Maria. This marriage took place with the entire consent of her mother, Mrs. Pybus; but with vehement opposition on the part of her brother, Mr. Charles Pybus. . . . Thus deprived of the only relation capable of affording her protection and assistance, it was lucky that Miss Pybus had some fortune, for my father's only contribution towards their future ménage (save his own talents and character) were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day he came running into the room and flung these into her room, saying, "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!"

Mr. Beach presented him soon after with 1000*l.* for his care of his eldest son, which he put into the stocks, and this, with his wife's small portion,

settled on herself and children, formed their whole wealth. As an instance of the generosity which always characterised him, we remark the incident of his entreating an old lady in Edinburgh, whom he had discovered to require it, to accept the loan of 100*l.* out of his small store.

As the time approached for the birth of his child, he constantly expressed his wish, first, that it might be a daughter, and secondly, that she might be born with one eye, that he might never lose her. The daughter came in due time, according to his wish, but, unfortunately, with two eyes. However, in spite of this unpropitious circumstance, she was very graciously received; and the nurse, to her horror, during five minutes' absence, found he had stolen her from the nursery a few hours after she was born, to introduce her in triumph to Jeffrey and the future Edinburgh reviewers. Being now in possession of a daughter with two eyes, it became necessary to give her a name; and nobody would believe the meditations, the consultations, and the discussions he held on this important point. At last he determined to invent one, and Saba was the result. About the period in which he was engaged in settling this important domestic point, he was likewise employed in arranging with Messrs. Jeffrey, Brougham, Murray, and his other friends, the preliminaries of that periodical which, under the name of the *Edinburgh Review*, has grown into such importance, has produced such useful results, and has bestowed on its chief contributors a European reputation.

He used himself to say that,

"To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*, the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The Game Laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were upon the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated. A thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*."

Sydney Smith was a contributor to the review up to its forty-fifth volume, his articles being, in all, seventy-six in number, and one and all highly flavoured with that delicious mixture of wit and humour which was the inalienable property of his mind. Social, kindly, cultivated, full of keen sense and shrewdness, rapid in perception, overflowing with good spirits, drollery, and enjoyment of life, well acquainted with affairs, and withal simple, punctual, and straightforward in his conduct—no wonder Sydney Smith was the delight of many companies, the friend of many friends, the warmly-loved centre of his own household. It has been observed that the vigour of style and boldness of illustration in his writings increased with his years, although it is also true that there is nothing of the crudeness, weakness, or extravagance of youth either in the manner or matter of his earlier compositions. He was easy, manly, and unaffected, both in talking and with the pen in his hand, and his style may be compared to the motion of a well-pulled boat through a phosphoric sea—rapid, direct, and glittering with coruscations. Deficient (as, spite of his eloquence, we must hold him) in poetic imagination, he had surprising powers of exaggerative and fanciful humour. By ridicule he overwhelmed opposition, and cleared the way for improvements suggested by more profound men. "As a diffuser of the good ideas of other men," says some one, "I do not know whether he ever had an equal."

When in good spirits (continues the same observer), the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers and himself were at times fatigued with the merriment they excited. He had the art, too, of divesting personalities of vulgarity; and not unfrequently was the object of his wit seen to enjoy the exercise of it quite as much as others. In fact, many persons rather felt it as a compliment when Sydney singled them out for sport.

In 1804, partly on the persuasion of his wife, Sydney Smith changed his residence from Edinburgh to London, where he took a small house in Doughty-street, Russell-square, attracted by the society of lawyers, which he always liked. The most distinguished of his legal friends were Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger), and Sir J. Mackintosh. Though in such good company, his position was for some

time an anxious one; and he was glad to accept the preacher'ship of the Foundling Hospital at 50*l.* a year. About the same time he attempted to take on lease a certain chapel, on its being relinquished by a sect of Dissenters, but was refused permission to preach by the rector of the parish. An allowance from his brother Robert of 100*l.* a year for several years enabled him to "carry on the war." Among his earliest acquaintances now gained was Lord Holland, and he often used to speak of his first appearance at Holland House. The great wit was then, strange to say, a shy man, though thirty-three or four years of age; but afterwards, as he said himself,

Made two very useful discoveries, first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me; and I determined to be natural, and let the world find me out. . . . "Oh, I see you are afraid of me" (turning to a young lady who sat by him), "you crumble your bread." I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop.

He now, in addition to the evening preacher'ship at the Foundling, became morning preacher at one of those curious places called Proprietary Chapels, in John-street, Berkeley-square.

The chapel had been so deserted (though the position was very advantageous), that Mr. Bowerbank had been for some time endeavouring to dispose of it. In a few weeks after my father accepted it not a seat was to be had; gentlemen and ladies frequently stood in the aisles throughout the whole service. All idea was then given up of disposing of it by the proprietor; and till my father left London, in 1809, he continued morning preacher there, alternately with Fitzroy Chapel.

His concise, bold, honest, racy eloquence made much impression on his audiences, and drew forth warm eulogiums from some of the most distinguished persons of the time. The following extract from his charity sermon in behalf of the blind is a good example of the beauty of his language:—

"The author of the Book of Ecclesiastes has told us "that the light is sweet, that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." The sense of sight is indeed the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has derived from his Creator. To see that wandering fire, after he has finished his journey through the nations, coming back to his eastern heavens, the mountains painted with light, the floating splendour of the sea, the earth waking from deep slumber, the day flowing down the sides of the hills till it reaches the secret valleys, the little insect recalled to life, the bird trying her wings, man going forth to his labour—each created being moving, thinking, acting, contriving, according to the scheme and compass of its nature, by force, by cunning, by reason, by necessity. Is it possible to joy in this animated scene, and feel no pity for the sons of darkness? for the eyes that will never see light? for the poor clouded in everlasting gloom? If you ask me why they are miserable and dejected, I turn you to the plentiful valleys; to the fields now bringing forth their increase; to the freshness and the flowers of the earth; to the endless variety of its colours; to the grace, the symmetry, the shape of all it cherishes and all it bears; these you have forgotten, because you have always enjoyed them; but these are the means by which God Almighty makes man what he is—cheerful, lively, erect, full of enterprise, mutable, glancing from heaven to earth, prone to labour and to act.

At the suggestion of Sir Thomas Barnard he commenced a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution, which speedily became most fashionable, and obstructed Albemarle-street with heraldic vehicles. The matter was sound, well-varied, jewelled with wit, and delivered with a charm of voice and manner that delighted everybody. The lecture-room was more than full, new galleries were erected, and the lecturer after the first course was free to name his own price. He lectured three consecutive years, and the money proceeds enabled him to furnish his new house in Orchard-street, where he resided till his removal from London. He seems not to have thought these lectures worth printing (would that the *save-all* writers of this our day had as much modesty, or half as much worth!), and Jeffrey, when they were shown to him in MS., spoke against it—an opinion which he afterwards completely changed. Mrs. Sydney Smith preserved them from the flames with which her husband was in the habit of purging his writing-desk, and they have been published since his death. In Orchard-street he lived comfortably, in a plain simple manner suited to his means, considering domestic happiness "the

grammar of life." His weekly suppers were without display, but very agreeable; he gave a general invitation to about twenty or thirty, who used to come as they pleased, and varied the entertainment with other guests. A great part of the same choice little society used to meet likewise every week at the house of Sir James Mackintosh. About this time we find the following resolve in one of his letters to Jeffrey:—

I am resolved to write some book, but I do not know what book. If I fail, I shall soon forget the ridicule; if I succeed, I shall never forget the praise. The pleasure of occupation I am sure of, and I hardly think my failure can be very complete.

Yet he never got beyond witty criticism and comment, and probably was not capable of "writing a book" from himself.

At this period of his life (says the biographer), indeed his spirits were often such that they were more like the joyousness and playfulness of a clever schoolboy than the sobriety and gravity of the father of a family; and his gaiety was so irresistible and so infectious, that it carried everything before it. Nothing could withstand the contagion of that ringing, joy-inspiring laugh, which seemed to spring from the fresh genuine enjoyment he felt at the multitude of unexpected images which sprang up in his mind, and succeeded each other with a rapidity that hardly allowed his hearers to follow him, but left them panting and exhausted with laughter, to cry out for mercy.

Hedrove Mrs. Siddons out of her tragic dignity into a fit of laughter that alarmed the company. And he not only said but did very droll things. Coming home one day

With two hackney coach-loads of pictures, which he had met with at an auction, having found it impossible to resist so many yards of brown-looking figures and faded landscapes going "for absolutely nothing,—unheard of sacrifices." Kate hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry when she saw these horribly dingy objects enter her pretty little drawing-room, and looked at him as if she thought him half mad; and half mad he was, but with delight at his purchase. He kept walking up and down the room, waving his arms, putting them in fresh lights, declaring they were exquisite specimens of art, and, if not by the very best masters, merited to be so. He invited all his friends, displayed them at his suppers, insisted upon their being looked at and admired in every point of view, discovered fresh beauties for each new comer, and, for three or four days, under the magic influence of his wit and imagination, these gloomy old pictures were a perpetual source of amusement and fun. At last, finding he was considered no authority in the fine arts, and that his pictures made no progress in public opinion, off they went, to my mother's great relief, as suddenly as they came, to another auction, but all rechristened first by himself, amidst his laughing friends, with names never before heard of.

Immediately after these anecdotes, a pretty domestic incident is told, softening and harmonising the picture of this kindly man's character.

One of his little children, then in delicate health, had for some time been in the habit of waking suddenly every evening; sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun. He could not bear this unnatural union of childhood and sorrow, and for a long period, I have heard my mother say, each evening found him, at the waking of his child, with a toy, a picture-book, a bunch of grapes, or a joyous tale, mixed with a little strengthening advice and the tenderest caresses, till the habit was broken, and the child woke to joy and not to sorrow.

In 1806 the Whigs came into power, and Sydney Smith, aged 35, received the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire. A friend used to tell, fifty years afterwards, of being at Archbishop Markham's in company with Sydney Smith, who was come down to be inducted to his living, and how the brilliancy of the new rector's talk astonished the table, and rather puzzled the old Archbishop to understand "how one of the inferior clergy could be so much in the possession of his faculties in the presence of his diocesan."

I believe it was about this period (says the biographer), that a letter from Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham, on the subject of the Irish Catholics, appeared suddenly in the London world. Its effect, I have been told, was like a spark on a heap of gunpowder. It was instantly dispersed all over London, was to be found on every table, spread in every direction over the country, and was the topic of general conversation and conjecture. It was quickly followed by another and another; each fresh letter increased the eagerness and curiosity of the public. Every effort was made on the part of the existing Government to find out the author, in vain. The secret was well kept.

Sydney Smith was evidently of those who look

on the Church of England as mainly a system of venerable and comfortable preferences. He regarded "a living" in the plain mercantile sense of the word. He had not the smallest desire to be with his parishioners; but, when compelled to live among them, his good sense and active temperament made him useful and popular. He resided in London till, in 1808, Percival's Residence Bill forced him to build a glebe house in Yorkshire or resign his "living." At first he tried a compromise by hiring a house two miles from the city of York, to which he brought his family; but, at the end of three years, could no longer avoid the dreadful necessity of lime and bricks. His daughter writes of this glebe-building, and he seems to have thought of it himself, as a kind of architectural martyrdom, gone through (after every effort to escape it) from a high and ennobling sense of duty. His account of the matter is, however, as usual, very humorous.

A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher, I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and without capital to build a parsonage-house. I asked and obtained three years' leave from the Archbishop, in order to effect an exchange, if possible, and fixed myself meantime at a small village two miles from York, in which was a fine old house of the time of Queen Elizabeth, where resided the last of the squire, with his lady, who looked as if she had walked straight out of the Ark, or had been the wife of Enoch. . . . All my efforts for an exchange having failed, I asked and obtained from my friend the Archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; sent for an architect; he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: "You build for glory, Sir; I, for use." I returned him his plans, with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs. Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses. . . . Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen: bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first—took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks, in spite of walls running down with wet, in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house, I landed my family in my new house, nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March; and performed my promise to the letter to the Archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house—a feat, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring, I assure you, no small degree of energy. It made me a very poor man for many years; but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive, so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county. I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said "Jack, furnish my house." You see the result!

They colonised Foston in March 1814. Annie Kay, with her sweet voice and broad Yorkshire accent, who remained in the family till her death, 30 years afterwards, "first as nurse, then as lady's-maid, then housekeeper, apothecary's boy, factotum, and friend;" Molly Mills,—"cow, pig, poultry, garden, and post-woman; with her short red petticoat, her legs like millposts, her high cheek-bones red and shrivelled like winter apples," and who was the wit of the village, and delighted in a crack with her master; her two sturdy, uncouth sons, "solemn as two owls," who ruled the farm; along with Miss Bunch, the butler, and Jack Robinson—constituted the establishment. Dr. and Mrs. Marcet spent some days at Foston, and the lady tells us:

I was coming down stairs the next morning, when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, "Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?" Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered,

without a moment's hesitation, "Roast duck, please Sir," and disappeared. I laughed. "You may laugh," said he, "but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them. If you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads and say, 'A's sur at don't know, Sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day." "Come here, Bunch!" (calling out to her) "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slaming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtesy-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, Sir." "And what is curtesy-bobbing?" "Curtsying to the centre of the earth, please Sir." "Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on state occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."

In this drollery appears something of that tendency to *overdo*, which very few professed jokers can resist. Nor is it possible to avoid the suspicion that Bunch and her catalogue of crimes were shown off regularly to visitors among the other curiosities of this peculiar glebe house. On the other hand, though Sydney Smith's best stories and jokes were probably repeated a thousand times by others and by himself (for your great conversational joker is always more or less of an actor, and loves an audience and their praise); yet Sydney's spring of humorous fancy and animal spirits was so copious and gushing as to sprinkle diamond drops over every circumstance and accident. "He bought a little second-hand carriage, and a horse called Peter; and the groom once exclaiming he had a 'cruel face,' he went ever after by the name of Peter the Cruel." He put up in his farm a "universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is; I have not had a gate broken since I put it up; I have it in all my fields." A horse, bred on the farm, grew up into a tremendous long-legged bony creature, with vast appetite:

He stood, a large living skeleton, with famine written in his face, and my father christened him Calamity. As Calamity grew to maturity, he was found to be as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous; so my father was driven to invent his patent Tantalus, which consisted of a small sieve of corn, suspended on a semicircular bar of iron, from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose.

Full of contrivances he was in every department of his household, using his clear good sense to make improved and original arrangements; from a pair of bellows to the working of his farm he let nothing escape his eye:

Not to lose time (wrote a visitor), he farms with a tremendous speaking-trumpet from his door; a proper companion for which machine is a telescope, slung in leather, for observing what they are doing.

He was extremely punctual; it was the only virtue, according to his daughter, which he ever made disagreeable. When people invited him for six o'clock, he came at six, and was frequently in the room before the hostess. Whoever came in next, whether known to him or not, he used to begin a conversation, and seldom failed to make it amusing. He kept strict accounts, and insisted upon all over whom he had control being up to their work. The debt incurred by glebe-building hung over him a long time, and Lady Holland tells us:

I have not unfrequently seen him in an evening, when bill after bill poured in, as he was sitting at his desk (carefully examining them, and gradually paying them off), quite overcome by the feeling of the debt hanging over him, cover his face in his hands, and exclaim, "Ah! I see, I shall end my old age in a gaol!" This was the more striking from one the buoyancy of whose spirits usually rose above all difficulties.

Yet he himself says (one of those revelations that add greatly to the interest of biography) that he was always inclined to despondency; and the following useful maxim is emphasised in his memoranda:

Melancholy commonly flies to the future for its aliment, and must be encountered in this sort of arti-

die by diminishing the range of our views. I have a large family coming on, my income is diminishing, and I shall fall into pecuniary difficulties. Well! but you are not *now* in pecuniary difficulties. Your eldest child is only seven years old; it must be two or three years before your family make any additional demands upon your purse. Wait till the time comes. Much may happen in the interval to better your situation; and if nothing does happen, at least enjoy the two or three years of ease and uninterrupted which are before you. You are uneasy about your eldest son in India; but it is now June, and at the earliest the fleet will not come in till September; it may bring accounts of his health and prosperity, but at all events there are eight or nine weeks before you can hear news. Why are they to be spent as if you had heard the worst? The habit of taking very short views of human life may be acquired by degrees, and a great sum of happiness is gained by it. It becomes a customary at last to view things on the good side of the question as it was before to despond, and to extract misery from every passing event. A firm confidence in an overruling Providence—a remembrance of the shortness of human life, that it will soon be over and finished—that we scarcely know—unless we could trace the remote consequences of every event, what would be good and what an evil—these are very important topics in that melancholy which proceeds from grief. It is wise to state to friends that our spirits are low, to state the cause of the depression, and to hear all that argument or ridicule can suggest for the cure. Melancholy is always the worse for concealment, and many causes of depression are so frivolous, that we are ashamed of them by the mere statement of their existence.

Visits to London, to Lord Carlisle's, Lord Grey's, and other noble houses, where he was ever a most welcome guest, with visits from many distinguished personages, varied the monotony of life at Foston Parsonage, which he used to call *The Rector's Head*.

In 1828, after fourteen years' residence at Foston, and in the rector's fifty-fifth year, Lord Lynnhurst, then Chancellor, though differing entirely from him in politics, bestowed upon Sydney Smith one of the prebendal stalls of Bristol Cathedral. Three years before this, a "living," in addition to that of Foston, given to him as *warming-pan* for the Duke of Devonshire's nephew, and a legacy from an aunt, had put him at ease as regards money:

"Moralists tell you," said he, "of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people; but I can safely say I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember, when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach (a vehicle, by-the-by, now almost become matter of history), when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red-plushes grimed, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul."

This reminds us strongly of the turn of thought frequent in another great humorist—the author of "Vanity Fair." Next year he lost his eldest son Douglas:

I see, in my father's note-book, this simple entry:—"April 14th. My beloved son Douglas died, aged twenty-four. Alas! alas!" And afterwards: "So ends this year of my life—a year of sorrow, from the loss of my beloved son Douglas,—the first great misfortune of my life, and one which I shall never forget." In his last hours he often called his youngest son by the name of Douglas, showing that even then he was still in his thoughts.

Combe Florey, the new parsonage in Somersetshire, was a beautiful place, and gained fresh beauties every year, under his busy and skilful hand; for, after his appointment, by Lord Grey, in 1831, to a Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, in exchange for the one of inferior value which he held at Bristol, he retained the living of Combe Florey, and usually spent there some of the summer months. His foreign travels were confined to two visits to Paris and a short tour in Holland, and elicited from his mind nothing worthy of much note. A letter from Mr. Cockerell, architect and superintendent of St. Paul's, dated Oct. 1851, contains some curious examples of the Canon's business habits:—

His early communications, therefore, with myself, and I may say, with all the officers of the Chapter, were extremely unpleasant; but, when satisfied by his methods of investigation, and by a "little collision," as he termed it, that all was honest and right, nothing could be more candid or kind than his subsequent treatment; and our early dislike was at length converted into unalloyed confidence and regard. . . . As nothing was taken upon trust at first, great were our disputes as to contracts, materials, and prices, with all of which, from the rates in the market to those of Portland-stone, putty, and white lead, he

armed himself with competent information: every item was taxed; and we owe several important improvements in the administration of the works and accounts to his acumen, punctuality, and vigour. Not only did he thus adjust and scrutinise the payment of works, but nothing new could be undertaken without his survey and personal superintendence. An unpractised head and a pedagogue disposition of limbs might well have excused the survey of those pinnacles and heights of our cathedral, which are to all both awful and fatiguing; but nothing daunted him.

He got the Cathedral insured against fire, improved the library, and materially helped to bring to conclusion a Chancery suit, which caused a great accession to the fabric fund. He was, at one time, the manager of the affairs of St. Paul's. We cannot refrain from adding to this notice some agreeable pictures of the family life at Combe Florey, beginning with Sydney at his breakfast-table:—

The room, an oblong one, was, as I have already described, surrounded on three sides by books, and ended in a bay-window, opening into the garden, not brown, dark, dull-looking volumes, but all in the brightest bindings; for he carried his system of furnishing for gaiety even to the dres of his books.

"Thank God for Combe Florey!" he would exclaim, throwing himself into his red arm-chair, and looking round: "I feel like a bridegroom in the honeymoon." . . . "Ring the bell, Saba;" the usual refrain, by-the-by, in every pause, for he contrived to keep every body actively employed around him, and nobody ever objected to be so employed. "Ring the bell, Saba." Enter the servant, D—, "D—, glorify the room." This meant that the three Venetian windows of the bay were to be flung open, displaying the garden on every side, and letting in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. D— glorifies the room with the utmost gravity, and departs. "You would not believe it," he said, "to look at him now, but D— is a reformed Quaker. Yes, he quaked, or did quake; his brother quakes still; but D— is now thoroughly orthodox. I should not like to be a Dissenter in his way; he is to be one of my vergers at St. Paul's some day. Lady B— calls them my virgins. She asked me the other day, 'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head, and looked very grave, and bid her come and see. Some enemy of the Church, some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her."

"There, now," sitting down at the breakfast-table, "take a lesson of economy. You never breakfasted in a parsonage before, did you? There, you see my china is all white, so if broken can always be renewed; the same with my plates at dinner. Did you observe my plates? every one a different pattern, some of them *sweet articles*; it was a pleasure to dine upon such a plate as I had last night. It is true, Mrs. Sydney, who is a great herald, is shocked because some of them have the arms of a royal duke or a knight of the garter on them; but that does not signify to me. My plan is to go into a china-shop, and bid them show me every plate they have which does not cost more than half-a-crown. You see the result." I think breakfasts so pleasant, because no one is conceived before one o'clock. . . . Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age, and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing; "going to marry her! impossible! you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

"Oh, Mr. Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy," throwing himself back in his chair, and shaking with laughter, "all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;" and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden. Opposite was a beautiful bank with a hanging wood of fine old beech and oak, on the summit of which presented themselves to our astonished eyes, two donkeys, with deer's antlers fastened on their heads, which ever and anon they shook, much wondering at their horned honours, whilst their attendant donkey-boy, in Sunday garb, stood grinning and blushing at their side. "There, Lady—!" you said the only thing this place wanted to make it perfect was deer; what do you say now? I have, you see, ordered my gamekeeper to drive my deer

into the most picturesque point of view. Excuse their long ears—a little peculiarity belonging to parsonic deer. Their voices, too, are singular; but we do our best for you, and you are too true a friend of the Church to mention our defects." All this, of course, amidst shouts of laughter, whilst his own merry laugh might be heard above us all, ringing through the valley, and making the very echoes laugh in chorus. Then wandering on a little further, his black crutch-stick in his hand, and his white hairs blown about by the soft Somersetshire wind: "It must be admitted," said he, "if the mind vegetates, the body rejoices, in the country. What an air this is! Our climate is so mild, that myrtles and geraniums stand out all the winter. Some of my Scotch friends, it is true, complain that it is too enervating; but they are but northern barbarians after all, and like to breathe their air raw. We civilised people of the south prefer it cooked." On observing some of the autumn crocus in flower, he stopped. "There!" he said, "who would guess the virtue of that little plant? But I find the power of colchicum so great, that if I feel a little gout coming on, I go into the garden, and hold out my toe to that plant, and it gets well directly. I never do more without orders from head-quarters. Oh! when I have the gout, I feel as if I was walking on my eyeballs." . . .

On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sydney! this pea will never come to perfection." "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea." I think an office for marriage would be a very good thing. I am sure I could marry people much better than they marry themselves. Young people are so absurd, and accept and refuse for such foolish reasons. I wish, Miss—, you would employ me; I have succeeded admirably already on two occasions. Will you take my advice? "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "Well, then, we will have a little private conversation, and consider your case; but now I must go and look after my parish."

In Edinburgh he had studied medicine, and in after life was usually the doctor of his own family as well as of half the parish.

"Where is Annie Kay (he would exclaim)? Ring the bell for Annie Kay." Kay appeared. "Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay." Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines." Kay appears with the book. "I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?" "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "There is the Gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it—the Bull-dog, for more serious cases—Peter's puke—Heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village—Rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation—Dead-stop, settles the matter at once—Up-with-it-then needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of Rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles a dose of Dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum. This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contrivances for everything. Have you seen my patent armour? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armour. Now, look here: if you have a stiff neck or a swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and, lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary's shop." We all went downstairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines, and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessaries; in the centre, a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar. "Here you see," said he, "every human want before you—"

Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show;"

spreading out his arms to exhibit everything, and laughing. "Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you, and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship, when you live twelve miles from a lemon. By-the-by, that reminds me of one of our greatest domestic triumphs. Some years ago, my friend C—, the arch-epicure of the Northern Circuit, was dining with me in the country. On sitting down to dinner, he turned round to the servant, and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket, and he would find a lemon; 'For,' said he, 'I thought it likely you might have duck and green-peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon.' I turned round, and exclaimed indignantly, 'Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!' and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that. Oh, it is reported that he goes to bed with concentrated lozenges of wild-duck, so as to have the taste constantly in his mouth when he wakes in the night. Look here, this is a stomach-pump; you can't die here. Bobus roared with laughter when I showed it to him; but I saved my footman's life by it. He

swallowed as much arsenic as would have poisoned all the rats in the House of Lords; but I pumped lime-water into him night and day for many hours at a time, and there he is. This is my medical department. Saba used to be my apothecary's boy before Dr. Holland carried her off; Annie Kay is now promoted to it."

Such was Sydney Smith in his own family. His wit, sense, and vivacity charmed Holland House, and many another distinguished metropolitan circle; he was one of the chief diners-out, perhaps the chief, of his time, but he did not "hang up his fiddle" when he came home; no where else was he more delightful, no where so much beloved. The making preparations for his memoir, to leave thereby some record of his private virtues and character, was the chief care of his widow's remaining years. His daughter, wife of Sir Henry Holland, the physician, has executed the task that devolved on her so satisfactorily in the main as to give little temptation to minute fault-finding; yet a clearer arrangement of the narrative were to be desired.

In 1843 it was that Sydney Smith sent his petition to the American Congress, for payment of the debt due by the repudiating States. This, with the letters that followed, caused an extraordinary sensation, and drew a torrent of abuse from the American press; but the best men in that country agreed with and admired the bold and witty Englishman. In the midst of this excitement it was suddenly bruited about that Sydney Smith (not the true one, as it proved) had arrived in New York by the Great Western.

"What was to be done (wrote an American friend)? Should he be tarred and feathered, or lynched? Quite the contrary! He was to be fêted, rejoiced in, and even Pennsylvania was to meet him with cordial salutations. A hundred dinners were arranged at the moment, and the guests selected. When, lo! he who had caused this great excitement turned out to be some humble New York trader, of whom nobody had ever heard before!"

A comical instance of the fame-worship which partly divides with dollar-worship the sway of Yankee-land. Here we may note that in composition he was extremely rapid, scribbling off in a not very legible hand, shunning the trouble of correction, and tossing the MS to his wife with a "Now Kate, do look it over, and dot all the i's." The same rapidity characterised him in all other matters; he galloped through a book, and ran jerkily from one book and one subject to another.

He was ever most eager to see and to hear; but, with the same rapidity that characterised his thoughts, he only liked first impressions, and never dwelt ten minutes together on the same scene or picture; declared he had mastered the Louvre in a quarter of an hour, and could judge of Talma's powers in ten minutes.

His sermons and written and spoken advices to his parishioners were full of strong sense, concisely and strikingly conveyed. He loved comfort, yet was ready to sacrifice it to duty. Of the spiritual side of human affairs he took little or no cognisance. In politics he was a Whig of the most liberal sort; but, in matters of Church government, there never was a stiffer Conservative, though he always spoke of clerical affairs in his semi-ludicrous tone, as of something at once respectable and quizzable. He was fond of high society, with its persiflage and good cookery, and political and fashionable gossip. He kindly patronised and helped people of the poorer class with whom he came in contact, rather than sympathised with them. His views of things were not wide or profound; but they were shrewd and practical. For literature, he seems to have cared little; for poetry nothing. In a letter to Jeffrey he says, he will make no remark about an article on Wordsworth—the subject being to him totally uninteresting—further than that it appears to him that the Review has already attacked W. often enough.

In person he was fat, with strongly-marked features; his voice and laugh rich and sonorous. In October 1844, after much previous weakness, he became seriously ill, and expired on the 22nd of February 1845, aged 74. His disease was water on the chest, consequent upon disease of the heart, "which had probably existed for a considerable time, but rapidly increased during the few months preceding his death. His son closed his eyes. He was buried, by his own desire, as privately as possible, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, where his eldest son, Douglas, and now his wife, repose by his side."

For further illustrations of his intellect and

character we shall return to the volume of letters edited by Mrs. Austin, and the memoranda of his conversations, studied, as both of these are, with lively epigram and acute remark. Sydney Smith was one of the very few witty men of the world whom we can consent to call amiable; and, on this account, his Memoir is a more than commonly delightful and wholesome book.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Australia, with Visits to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land. By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

WILLIAM HOWITT went to Australia in a two-fold character—as author and as trader. He read of the fortunes realised in a few months by adventurous men, who went out poor and returned in two years rich; and he resolved to try whether prospecting for gold mines was not more profitable than book-making, and trade-craft than author-craft. At all events, he knew that, if one enterprise failed, another was open to him; that, if gold were more hard to be got by digging or by store-keeping than the romance of newspapers represented, he could use his eyes and his pen, and write a book about Australia which would be a small gold-mine in itself—so certain would it be of popularity; because no man who has yet written about the Land of Gold was so well qualified, by his antecedents, to write about it as William Howitt. The gold-digging enterprise failed entirely; the trading speculation was not so profitable as was anticipated; for the which readers at home will be thankful, for it has been the means of giving to them a delightful book, crammed with information, but also rich in entertainment. After two years' trial of the country, and traversing it east, west, north, and south, William Howitt returned to England, wiser by many truths learned abroad, and sadder by the dissipation of a dream indulged at home by thousands equally with himself, and who will be spared the painful process of experience, if they will read these volumes before they resolve to try their fortunes amid the scenes there so vividly depicted.

The sum of William Howitt's two years of experiences in Australia may be stated thus:—It is the worst place in the world for emigrants who are raised a single step above the working classes; it is the best place in the world for navvies, ploughmen, shepherds, and the handicraftsmen in everyday requirement—as carpenters, masons, smiths, and such like. It is a hell upon earth now; it is destined to become a great nation hereafter.

From the general tone of the work, we gather that the author does not think democracy so desirable a thing as before his personal acquaintance with it. We suspect he would say, if asked, that there is more true freedom at present in England than he has found elsewhere. That is the invariable conclusion of every man who travels, no matter to what part of the world he goes. So universal a judgment cannot be pre-judice; besides, it is pronounced alike by those who at home were royalists or republicans. In despotisms they see the tyranny of autocracy, hard to bear; but in republics they feel the tyranny of democracy, harder still to be endured. But we will not detain the reader from the book itself by writing about it. A traveller is entitled to speak for himself, and to be presented in his own language, for only thus can he be fairly judged. Essay is out of place in reviews of books belonging to this department of literature, and therefore it is our rule, which has been highly commended by our readers, to give a short account of the origin and range of the travel, and then to cull from it such passages as are likely at once fairly to exhibit the author and to attract the reader. Of such there is a superabundance in these volumes. Our difficulty is, amid this wealth of good things, which to take. Let it be understood that the following are but a fraction of those we had marked, and we marked but few of the passages that tempted us.

Mr. Howitt was compelled to make a long stay at Melbourne, because he could not obtain the assistance necessary to land his goods, nor a conveyance to take them. But he did not waste his time in useless grumblings. He employed his

compulsory leisure in a minute survey of the town and its environs, and in noting the people and their manners. It is a strange spectacle, that modern city which has risen "like an exhalation," only not from an exhalation of the kind imagined by Milton. Not an attractive picture is the

ASPECT OF MELBOURNE.

The houses are some of them complete, others are just erecting. A balder and more unattractive scene cannot meet the eye of man. Every single tree has been levelled to the ground; it is one hard bare expanse, bare of all nature's attractions, a wilderness of wooden huts of Lilliputian dimensions; and everywhere around and amongst them, timber and rubbish, delightfully interspersed with pigs, geese, hens, goats, and dogs innumerable. The streets, so called, which all run in the true gridiron or rather hurdle style, are not roads but quagmires, through which bullock-drays drag fresh materials, with enormous labour ploughing the muddy soil up to their very axles. There is not the trace even of the idea of a garden amongst the whole of them. These diminutive tenements are set down on the open field, as if they were the abodes of a race of squatters; but they are all built on purchased allotments. But why so small? why no gardens? Simply because the ground is so preposterously dear. Here you have immediately a proof of that ingenuity by which men contrive to defeat the intentions of providence. Providence has given vast new lands, on which the overflowing population may settle; but selfish and purblind Governments immediately lay hold on that which was meant to be a free gift of God, and dole it out in such modicum that the pressing necessities of arriving immigrants compel them to bid up at auction against each other, till the land of these new countries, lying with millions of miles of unoccupied soil, becomes far dearer than the dearest of that which they have left. It is amazing to what a price this peddling and wicked system has forced up land round Melbourne. We think 1000*l.* or 2000*l.* per acre near London high, but here it fetches from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts as having recently been sold, with a garden, for 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.*, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above 2000*l.* Little houses in the town, which in London, in good streets, would let for 40*l.* a year, here let for 400*l.* My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than 70*l.* a year each, or 150*l.* together; he lets the two for 1200*l.* And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs perhaps 120*l.* a year, for which the modest sum of 2000*l.* a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home.

We cannot discover the gist of Mr. Howitt's philosophy in this complaint. The value of the land there is just what it will fetch. It sells at this high price because there are many competitors for it. The original mode of selling by the Government is not in fault. The value would not have been altered in the least by a different disposition of it in the first instance. The lucky proprietors would have pocketed the fortune to be made by disposing of it—that is all.

We have said that Australia is not the place for gentlemen to emigrate unto. Here is an instance:—

A GENTLEMAN GROOM.

But I must do the last groom justice. He was a real gentleman, a gentleman by birth and education. His father is a clergyman of high standing. He himself was educated at Oxford, and used to ride with the Melton hounds. One of the many real gentlemen who came out at the first successful account of the diggings, he had been up and found no luck at the El-Dorado; so, being very knowing in horsemanship, and liking horses, he engaged with my brother; and never was there such a groom. Steady, orderly, attentive at all hours and all points, invulnerable in his good humour, he was the perfect groom, and yet the perfect gentleman, and in nothing more so than in that he never presumed upon it. He sunk all pretensions to an equality of rank; he set himself to be the groom, and nothing more, while he occupied that situation; but he was never more a gentleman in spirit and in manners than when grooming his horses or driving out his master. When importuned by his old mates, as the term is—his old comrades—to make another trial of the diggings, he told the Doctor that he should be obliged to go, but that he would not go till he was suited. This was the only instance of such true politeness which our relatives have met with since diggerdom commenced; for the general announcement is, "I am going to-morrow!"—and they go. Richard, however, kept his word, and did not go till his master thought he was suited.

Nor is it altogether a pleasant place even for a class for whom we should have supposed it to offer incalculable advantages.

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come out, I am not the person to advise them to it. They have lived in comfortable places at home; and, after the comforts of a good English home, and the pleasant and vigorous climate of England, the change to a colony would strike them dumb. At all events, let them reflect well on the unpaved streets, and the dust blowing every few days in Melbourne, till you cannot see your own hand; on the heat, the flies, the mud, and slush, the moment there is rain, before they quit the smooth pavements and the comforts that abound in England. Let them reflect well, too, on the rude, chaotic, and blackguard state of the lower society in this suddenly-thrown-together colony. It would strike them with astonishment. As to girls marrying here—the great temptation—that is soon accomplished; for I hear that lots of diggers get married almost every time they go down to Melbourne to spend their gold. A lot of the vilest scoundrels are assembled here from all the four winds of heaven. Nobody knows them; much less whether they have left wives behind them in their own countries; and they marry, and go off, and are never heard of again.

Competition, the source of so much weary struggle and grievous heart-burning at home, is not less fierce even in the wild regions where men go to dig for gold. Here is a passage from a picturesque narrative of the visit to the diggings:

A SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD.

Again we proceeded on our way; the journey being only a repetition of yesterday, labouring on amid scrub and fallen timber, sometimes involved in such labyrinths of it as brought us to our wits' end. We followed the course of the stream upwards, and as near to it as we could for the swamps. We had no doubt that there was gold in the creek here; but the swamps and the volume of water presented difficulties which would be lessened higher up. We crossed a brook coming from the right hand, and falling into this, since well known as the Nine-mile Creek, and abounding in gold, but, at this moment, all intact in its native wildness, without a digger upon it. We were bound for a spot higher up, at the juncture of another small creek flowing from the left, where the ground was more elevated and the creek less swampy and scrubby. About noon we reached it, and were no little surprised and chagrined to find two diggers already encamped upon it. They had traced our scouts, beheld the marks where they had dug in prospecting, made themselves certain of the presence of gold, and, having nothing to carry but their light tent-sheets and a few tools, were there before us.

There are likewise the same frauds that disgrace civilised life. This was one of the

TRICKS OF TRADE.

There was a great hurrahing at one hole, and a man who knew me came running to desire me to go and see a nugget nearly as big as his finger. As no nuggets had yet been found here, but only small gold, it appeared the more surprising. I hastened on; but, before I could reach the spot, I heard a man say, "Well, I have sold the nugget and my hole for 50. 15s." "Where is the nugget?" I asked. "Oh!" said he, "the man who bought it has gone off with it." Now, there was a nugget, but it had been first put in by this fellow, an old Bendigo digger, in order to sell his hole. The nugget was probably worth half the money. The diggers dug on with renewed ardour; but soon came down to the rock, and scarcely a particle of gold was found. I have no doubt that many of the Münchhausen holes out of which the 50000. and 70000. were so readily shovelled up at Mount Alexander in a few days were got up the same way, and for the same purposes. The people everywhere do not hesitate to assert that the wonderful finds that the Governor reported to the Home Government were prepared by interested parties.

And the result of this madness for gold is the destruction of all the ties of social life—almost the annihilation of humanity.

Human life, in this chaos of strangers of all nations, rushing frantically from every quarter of the earth to enrich themselves, is, as may be supposed, held wonderfully cheap. Who is likely to care for any one but himself? The number of unrecorded dead, who are found and put into a hasty grave, without anything frequently being known about them, is something frightful. There have been instances of people entering a tent, and finding a solitary man in the last stage of illness, without a friend or any means of help, where he has lain for days or perhaps weeks, amid a busy multitude, all eager in the quest of gold, neither able to raise hand nor foot, nor cry for help, though there were people all round him. Others have been found dead in such a situation with every sign of destitution about them, and not the slightest clue to whom they were or whence they came. Out of hundreds of thousands of adventurers, English and foreign, how many have friends who would give almost their own lives to learn news of them. But they never will; for they either lie in

those nameless graves, or in these sixty and eighty feet deep shafts, now deserted and their sides fallen in, burying their victims under many tons of clay.

Insects are the pests of Australia. There are bull-dog ants that fight for hours after they are cut in half, and when they bite will not relax their hold though beheaded. The gnats are terrible. Another persecutor is

THE JUMPING ANT.

At the Buckland we were dreadfully persecuted by them. They are about half an inch long, and jump surprisingly. They are great fly-catchers, and so far would be public benefactors, were it not only one fiend giving place to another. The little black flies are, even in this cooler and shadier spot, the most pertinent persevering vermin possible. The moment meat is brought upon the table they cover it black. If you allow them to settle on your hands, they suck up blood-blisters, and then suck them till they burst. The moment the spot is raw they thrust as many of their heads in as they can get, and continually irritate and enlarge it. What was a mere scratch becomes a sore under their incessant operations, and unless you defend the sore with plaster or gloves it will speedily be a wound. Nay, plaster is not enough, for they will suck and envenom the wound through it.

Here is another Australian curiosity.

THE GRASS TREE.

Not far from there we saw the grass-trees, but only the dwarf ones, splendidly in flower. The flower is on a rod of two or three feet high, which rises perpendicularly from the centre of the grass-tree, and surrounds some half a yard of it in the manner of the flower of the club-rush, but white, and the florets resembling those of the water tusillago.

Another nuisance is

THE SAND FLY.

These flies are a kind of midge—small, filmy things, like the midges at home; but they are not only extremely keen, but excessively venomous. They are as numerous as the grains of sand in the sterile Iron-Bark ranges. They cover the whole ground in spring; and, as you advance, they rise up, and cover your horses' legs and chests, and puncture them in such a manner, that their legs are totally covered, in a very few minutes, with blood. The horses, of course become quite frantic with them, not being able to stand still for a moment; so that it is no trivial matter to go into a wood with them at this season. As the summer proceeds, I expect the birds eat them up; but in spring they are countless. Their effect on men is much worse than on horses. Wherever they bite the part swells excessively, and becomes a great, livid boil, as large as a walnut. I was bitten on the wrist last summer, in riding on the Sydney border, by one. The next day my hand was enormously swelled; and then the swelling settled into one of these boils, which are very sluggish and difficult to cure. This took more than a month, and would not heal till treated with caustic. Another, this spring, has bitten the other hand; and the venomous bite has gone exactly through the same process; and they have left two livid scars, which will no doubt remain for life.

Human life is not valued. Imagine such a scene as this of

DANGERS AT THE DIGGINGS.

On every digger's licence there stands the strict prohibition of sinking holes upon any road, or of cutting up the roads, through the diggings in any manner. This precaution is not only necessary for the preservation of the roads but far more so for that of human life. But the regulation is almost totally disregarded; and wherever gold is to be got, the diggers cut up the roads without the slightest regard to either the convenience of the public, or its safety. You see the roads through the diggings entirely undermined, cut up, and obstructed, and the unfortunate draymen, and all who have to travel through them, seeking in bewilderment to find a passage over the heaps and hollows. In innumerable places, in all the diggings, there are pits along the sides of the roads, and in the roads, of various depths, of from 10 to 150 feet, gaping, without the slightest protection, for any traveller in the dark to plunge into. And many a one, without doubt, has met a horrible fate there; many a corpse and skeleton lie at the bottom of these dreadful man-traps, whose fate remains and will for ever remain a mystery.

But we might go on extracting two or three entire *Critics* full of passages equally interesting. Our space has been already exceeded. Let the reader, pleased with the specimens we have set before him, procure the two volumes from which they are taken. They contain beyond all comparison the amplest and most faithful account of the Gold Colony that has been given to the world.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Next-Door Neighbours. By the Author of "Temptation; or, a Wife's Perils." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Jealous Wife. By Miss PARDOE. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Constantine; or the Last Days of an Empire. By Captain SPENCER, Author of "Travels in Circassia," &c. 2 vols. London: Low and Son.

NEIGHBOURS in London are very different from neighbours in the country. In the country they know all about one another; who they are, what they are, whence they come, how they live, what are their means of living, who were their ancestors for ever so many generations back. The scandals of one house find their way into the other, and half the time they are enthusiastic friends and the other half bitterest enemies.

But in London it is just the reverse of this. We know not so much as each other's names—much less each other's histories and pursuits. All that we know of the goings-on of our neighbours is when they marry or die. The procession at the door then attracts our attention for a few minutes: our housemaid asks of the neighbour's housemaid round the area railings for whom it is that the pageant is performed. The name passes in at one ear and out at the other. It is forgotten in a week.

The Next-Door Neighbours is not designed to illustrate this peculiarity of London life, although it would be a capital subject for a novel, and we recommend it to any reader searching for one. The design of the three volumes before us is to supply a contrast in the story of two families who have taken up their abode side by side in Belgravia. One of them is of the aristocracy real, with birth to boast of—proud of it, as they have a right to be, but exhibiting that pride by contempt for others, which they have no right to do. The next-door neighbour is of the class that has sprung up so abundantly in these latter days of flourishing commerce—the *nouveaux riches*, the purse-proud, vulgar-minded, and vulgar-mannered persons who want breeding and association, who have neither tastes nor sympathies in common with the class they emulate, yet will persist in settling among them, aping their modes of living, and vainly trying to compensate by a full purse and a lavish use of it for the qualities of education and habit which money cannot buy.

The author has not invented any novel characters; he does not introduce us to a new world of his own, or present to us the old world under a new aspect. But he uses old materials with a good deal of skill. He throngs his pages with a crowd of characters which have at best the merit of being sketched distinctly. As is usual, the scenes in middle-class life are the best, because they are painted from experience, while those of aristocratic life are taken from other novels—themselves only traditions, not experiences. It is a bustling, lively, pleasant story, with some very good bits of writing, and altogether above the average of fictions. It is entitled to a place in every circulating library, and should be put upon the list to be read during the dullness of a summer visit to the sea shore.

We learn with regret, which will, we are sure, be shared by all our readers, that Miss Pardoe's health has been seriously impaired by her literary labours, which are not limited to the works, so well known and so popular, which she has published with her name affixed, but extend to a multitude of contributions to the periodicals, that have been, like all writings of their class, read, admired, and forgotten, none knowing or caring to inquire to whose pen they had been indebted for the entertainment or instruction of the hour. Miss Pardoe was, if we rightly remember, first introduced to the public by a lively and very graphic picture of Turkish life, which she entitled "The City of the Sultan," upon which curiosity was not then so centred as now; but then also less was known of it, and her narrative was more like a revelation of some new world than like a description of a part of Europe. The success that attended this *début* encouraged further efforts of her genius in other forms, and her first novel was scarcely less successful than her first travels. From novels she turned to historical memoir, for which her intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of France peculiarly adapted her, and that also was a success. She has now returned to fiction; and although here and there is to be traced the flagging of the

spirits, consequent upon ill-health, *The Jealous Wife* will, as a whole, sustain her well-earned reputation.

The characteristic of all Miss Pardoe's writings is "smartness"—that is the English term which expresses it most nearly, but not quite. It is something more than liveliness, and something less than wit: it is the art of putting lively thoughts in a striking form. It is the opposite of that quality we designate as common-place. It is found abundantly in the authors of France—it is a rare gift with our own, especially with our novelists, who are remarkable for a certain heaviness both of thought and of expression; perhaps it is a characteristic of the English mind. Miss Pardoe has marvellously succeeded in escaping from it; whether by a judicious imitation of our Gallic neighbours, or by the impulse of her own genius, we do not know. At all events, *The Jealous Wife*, like its predecessor, is never dull—it never drags. It has its faults, but tediousness is not one of them. The reader may think the characters not sufficiently defined, the plot not artistic enough, the dialogue too careless, and he will not err much in his criticism; but he will not yawn over it, nor pronounce it slow. The conception of the story is very good. Jealousy is a fiend often pressed into the service of romance and poetry, but seldom more effectively than by Miss Pardoe. Ida Trevanion is an elaborate and almost painful picture of the jealous wife; tracing with a masterly hand the growth of the terrible passion from suspicion to mistrust—from mistrust to those miserable meannesses by which jealousy so strangely seeks food for itself, and even rushes onward to conviction as preferable to the uneasiness of suspicion. Then she exhibits the reaction, when it is made plain that there was no foundation for the mistrust; the self-remorse; the return to the old passion, as being a relief from the pangs of a stricken conscience; and the ultimate fate of the victim to this worst of human tortures and this most terrible of human torturers. All this is finely done, with a knowledge of the female heart which only a woman could have revealed. Some of the other characters are well conceived, but more carelessly executed. The dialogues, too, are sometimes without sufficient purpose, as if they had been put in to fill the prescribed number of pages, rather than as being required to carry on the story. We fear that the authoress has written too rapidly, or has not given sufficient time and pains to correction; or perhaps the truer explanation is the weakness of failing health. But, with all these faults, there is so much of merit in *The Jealous Wife*, and it is so pleasant a book to read, that no novel-reader should fail to read it.

Captain Spencer shares the common opinion of all who have personal knowledge of the East—that Turkey is an empire in decay; that Nicholas rightly called it the sick man; that it never can maintain itself against Russia, but must lean upon foreign support; that, in fact, Western Europe has got her foot into Constantinople, and will not withdraw it. The only chance of salvation, according to our author, is for the Osmanlis to "discard the Koran for the Bible, the Crescent for the Cross." If this is Turkey's sole prospect, it needs no prophet to tell us that her hour is come; for who that knows the strength of Mohammedan prejudice will dare to hope for converts from Islamism.

It is, we believe, no secret that the object of France is the possession of the Mediterranean. She grasps Algiers at one end; she is grasping at Constantinople at the other. It is so obviously her interest, that nothing else can be expected; for nations always act according to their interests. The true conflict will ultimately be between Russia and France for that region, and England will hold the scales between them. Upon this contingency our statesmen should keep a steady eye, never permitting themselves to lose sight of it in any arrangements for war or treaties for peace.

In his national romance of *Constantine, or the Last Days of an Empire*, Captain Spencer has endeavoured to depict, in a more lifelike form than sober history permits, the passing away of the Empire of the East, and the rise of Mussulman power, once the terror of all civilised Europe, now the source of quarrel produced by its weakness. Not long ago, and the name of the Turk was a terror even on the remote shores of Britain; now the West is leagued to protect the Turk and the faith of the Turks from being annihilated by a Christian power, which has become to Western Europe the terror that

Turkey was. What a romance of reality is this! Captain Spencer has adhered strictly to historical truth in this fiction, which, indeed, is a fiction only in form. Substantially it is a faithful narrative of the events of that epoch, and a truthful picture of the times. He indulges a little too much in fine writing—that is to say, he tries too much to be powerful, eloquent, or poetical, giving to his style an appearance of labour which is not pleasing. But he is painstaking in the collection of his materials; and the reader will probably learn more of the history of the eventful times treated of, by the perusal of these pages, than by poring over any of the formal histories. It is something more than a mere book of amusement; it mingles so much of real instruction, that it may be put into the hands of young persons to give them knowledge, conveyed in the most attractive shape.

Amy and her Mother is "a picture of life," prettily drawn by Edward Whitfield. (Whitfield.) Its moral is good.

Messrs. Routledge have added to their series of "Original Novels" *My Brother's Wife*, by Amelia B. Edwards. The scene is laid in France and Germany. It is smartly written—in a strain that we should have taken for American, but that an English publisher's name is on the title-page.

The Coxtons has appeared in Routledge's cheap edition of Bulwer's Works. It is enough to announce this. Everybody will buy it who can afford two shillings.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Modern British Minstrel. By CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

SCOTLAND, of all countries, stands pre-eminent as the land of song. Its mountains are magnificent; but what are they to those of Switzerland and the Tyrol? Beautiful its valleys and glens; but those of Tempe and Albania excel in beauty and in depth. Lovely its lakes; but those of Cumberland, if not so large, are lovelier still. Sparkling, musical, and clear its rivers; but they seem mere "burns" compared to the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube—not to speak of the ocean-streams of the West. Its philosophers are distinguished to the ends of the earth; but Hume, Reid, Brown, Playfair, Hamilton and Ferrier—great names though they be—are hardly equal to the Leibnizes, the Spinozas, the Kants, the Fichtes, and the Jonathan Edwardses of other lands. Its preachers are eloquent; but the names of Knox, Chalmers, Irving, Wardlaw, and Guthrie, are outshone by the Bossuets, the Massillons, the Saurins, the Whitfields, the Horsleys, the Halls, and the Fosters. Its historians rank high; but Hume is surpassed by Gibbon, Robertson equalled by Hallam, and Macrie must not be named beside Tacitus. In science it has a Napier but no Newton, a Leslie but no La Place, a Brewster but no Bacon. In warfare its heroes have been numerous; but its Bruce is eclipsed by Tell, and its Sir John Moore by Wellington. In scholarship it has produced a Buchanan; but, great genius as he was, he must not be named in learning beside a Scaliger, a Clarke, a Bentley, a Porson, and a Parr. In eloquence and political sagacity, its Dundases, Mackintoshes, and Jeffreys shrink up before the one colossal name of Burke. In fiction, its Scott is equalled by Cervantes. In general literature, so far at least as actual achievement is concerned, Christopher North must not be compared to Samuel Johnson. In poetry, Scotland has many a gifted bard—a Buchanan, a Campbell, a Scott, a Wilson, an Aird, a Delta, and a Burns—but it has no Shakspeare, Spenser, or Milton. In encyclopaedic faculty, it has never reared one worthy to untie the shoe-latchets of a Coleridge. But in song-writing, since the beginning of the world there has been only one Burns, not to speak of the innumerable other minor lyrist, who have made almost every glen vocal with their melody, and raised Scotland, inferior by nature to Switzerland, to a far higher platform of general interest, by the mere might and magic of immortal song.

It is asked, why does Scotland, by universal admission, stand so high in song-writing? To this a manifold answer must be returned. In the first place, we name the influence of its scenery. This is not the only, but it is a principal cause. Its peculiarities, its solitude, its variety, its blending of the soft and the stern, of Highland and Lowland landscape have exerted a powerful

influence on the national genius—and this has run all to the lyrical form. From the scenery of hill countries, lyrical poetry seems to rise like spray from a waterfall, or the bright mist from the rivers of the morning landscape. The poetry of the Jews—whose country was as mountainous as that of the Scotch—was principally lyrical, although its origin in a Divine afflatus renders it impossible to compare the two. Even as mountains lift up themselves above the level of the plains, and seem seeking to soar from their iron foundations into the upper sky—reminding you of chained eagles—so with the poetical spirits reared in the midst of them; they are impelled to the brief, bold flights of lyrical poetry. Their song is seldom polished, or elaborated, or philosophical; it rises at abrupt and sudden angles, and seeks rather to reach a lofty apex than to lay a broad or deep foundation. Even where the mountains sink into valleys, and where large cities lower the character of the landscape still more, the lyrical impulse is not lost, although it becomes more varied, and deals less with description of scenery or the expression of purely poetic enthusiasm, and more with incidents in common life and the passions of the human heart.

The power and charm of Scottish song have been increased by the seclusion, remoteness, and comparative barbarism of their country. In one direction Scotland is the *Ultima Thule* of Europe. It dwells solitarily in the midst of the sea. It has wrapped itself up in the rugged robes of its poverty and its rocks. Cold is its soil, cloudy its sky, short its summer, fierce and long-continued the blasts of its winter; and yet all this has served but to deepen the attachment of its children—and, as Goldsmith says of the Swiss,

The rough tempest and the torrent's roar
But bind them to their native mountains more.

Nowhere does patriotism even still burn more powerfully than in Scottish bosoms. The Scotch have often been reproached with leaving their native land in search of gain; but we never knew or heard of a Scotchman who was not anxious to return and lay his bones in his dear Auld Scotland. Suppose it were true what Johnson alleges, that every Scotchman loves Scotland better than truth, how strong must be the charm of country which can have surmounted principle in a people so religious as the Scotch! Suppose that the Scotch are a cold and selfish people, how great the interest of the land which can excite in their breasts an enthusiasm so glowing that every one of them worthy of the name is ready to say, with Andrew Thompson, "I glory exceedingly in being one of thy sons, and when I forget thee may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;" and with Scott,

O Galedonia stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and haggard wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires, what ruthless hand
Can o'er untie the filial band
Which binds me to thy rugged strand?

The intense and almost defiant love of country, springing from Scotland's peculiar northern position, has been further fostered by the peculiarity of Scotland's language and manners, and has thus told mightily upon the land's lyrical poetry. The Scottish tongue is not a mere provincial dialect of the English, like that of Yorkshire or Somerset; it is the ancient language of an ancient and a heroic people. It is worthy, too, of the race who have used it. Its homely strength—its quaint graces—its knotty picturesqueness—its sylvan intricacies of sound and meaning—its racy and refreshing idioms—its untranslatable words, such as "gloaming," each of which resembles a picture taken by Nature's hand of her own beauties—constitute it one of the finest of all Doric tongues, and fit it peculiarly for the purposes of the poet, especially of him who aspires to catch the secret charms, the delicate and evanishing hues, "the rapid flux of meanings," to be found in the scenery of a mountain land; as well as the rough, changeable, and intermingling emotions which swell and fluctuate in primitive hearts. Passages of more thorough adaptation of sense to sound, and which form truer transcripts of difficult natural phenomena, and of shy and tremulous shades in human passion, than abound in some of our Scotch poems, are not to be found in any literature. Witness the description of a burn in the *Halloween*, and of a flood in the *Briggs of Ayr*, by Burns—not to speak of the exquisite pictures of wood-scenery to be found in Thomas Aird's

"Frank Sylvan" and "Mother's Blessing," which, although written in English, show the eye of a genuine Scotchman as well as of a rare poet. To describe a Niagara or a Mont Blanc requires, no doubt, a powerful genius; but scarcely less difficult is it to represent, in a literal yet ideal manner, a little wood-side watercourse, with tadpoles swimming in and blackening it at times—or a mill-lead, with its sliding, slippery, quicksilver-like stream,—or a mud cataract, coming down a steep street in the shadow of a thunder-cloud—or fir-cones, storm-strewed amidst the dimness of a pine forest,—or an ants' hillock, with the thick and living gloom into which it is disturbed by the foot of a passer-by,—or a grey Druidical stone, standing silent on its immemorial moor,—or a rustic bridge, of a single plank, spanning a river-divided and rocky defile,—and such and similar objects are admirably daguerreotypied in the pages of our Scottish lyrists, who count nothing common, and nothing unclean, on which can be made to rest the light of imagination.

To Scottish song the peculiarity of Scottish manners has also contributed much material. The courtships of lovers in the barnyards and by the burnside of the country, the rural games and sports, the "brooze," the "kirm," the sports of Hogmanay and Halloween, the dances and the raffles—customs now rapidly falling into desuetude—abounded with elements both of poetical and comic interest; and these are embalmed to everlasting life in the pages of our Scottish lyrists. Sawney is a strange animal—a pendulum between the deepest earnestness, alike of patriotism, passion, and religion, and the slyest, queerest, *pauciest*, humour; and this Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, and the rest knew right well, and in it have found the inspiration of a thousand and one airy or profound melodies.

The superstitions of the country have ministered a still deeper poetic influence. These are distinguished by a mixture of grotesqueness and grandeur, almost peculiar to Scotland. The Scotch Deil is just Sawney in a perennial suit of black; hence the common name for him in country districts is "Auld Sandy." A stern species of sublimity is blended in him with laughable elements: he at one time is seen

On the strong-wing'd tempest flying,
Tilkin the kirks;

at another he assumes the form of a wild drake frightening an aged granddame. The Brownie of Scotland is a drudge, but he is also a wag; and yet withal a terror is suspended over his midnight mysterious exertions in behalf of the favoured family—and when his hire is not forthcoming he makes wild work in the dwelling. The Fairies are light and graceful beings; but their ire too is formidable, and their dance amidst the moonlit woods often affrights or bewitches the passenger. The Witches—you may laugh at them, for their beards; but beware of their broomsticks, or of coming too near the infernal breath of their cauldrons. Every reader of Scottish song and poetry will remember how these imaginary beings—as well as ghosts, wraiths, and a hundred more—have contributed to our terror, wonder, or shuddering mirth.

We might name many other causes which have told upon Scottish song—including even the national beverage of the land, which has had no small share in increasing Scotland's wild fun, intensifying its terrors, and brightening, although with a false and lurid brilliance, the fancy of its national poets—the character of its females in their frankness, *naïveté*, simplicity, heart, *bonhomie*, and quiet wily sense—and in the fact that most of the song-writers of the country have sprung from the lower ranks, and have thus been able to reflect more completely, and describe with more sympathy and force, the rural manners of Caledonia. But we cannot enlarge further on this part of the subject.

The characteristics of this matchless lyrical poetry may be briefly stated, as great simplicity of language and unity of effect; patriotism of feeling; brevity and ease in execution; a purple glow of love; a tenderness of feeling in pathetic strains, far surpassing Tibullus and Ovid; a vein of gentle half-hinted humour at times, alternating with bursts of broad mirth; a sympathy with social enjoyment, a keen observation alike of the superficial humours and the deep passions of the heart; a sly *espègle* air, which sometimes trembles on the brink of double entendre and sometimes across it; spare, but rich and delicate gleams of imagination; and little bits of scenery put in the shortest compass, and full of the finest

spirit of poetry—such are some of the principal qualities of that vast and varied mass of song, of which the best specimens, such as "The Flowers of the Forest," "Auld Robin Gray," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "Auld Lang Syne," are known, admired, and sung, in every quarter of the world.

The topics of Scottish songs are chiefly Jacobitical feeling—Scottish nature—love, conviviality, and social manners and customs. What would otherwise have been called the insane or silly expedition of the worthless scion of a worthless family to regain a crown which had been righteously wrested away, now gleams before us in the light of genius, which has gilded what it could not consecrate, and done to the Jacobite cause that highest office of love, in beautifying even the base objects on which it may have fixed its sovereign eye. On the putrid corpse of an Adventurer, what rich flowers of poetry have been flung! Still hearts heave and eyes kindle at the words—

There's news from Moldard come yestreen
That will gar many ferlie,
And ships o' war have just come in
And landed royal Charlie.

Still the "wee bird" coming to the ha' door is welcomed and baptised with tears, as he tells his "tale o' dool and sorrow;" still the sigh,

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
Or the lad I daurna name,

is echoed by many a fair bosom; and still many a lovely maid, as she sings to her piano the words

He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel;
He's o'er the hills ayont Dunblane
That soon shall get his welcome hame,

feels her cheek suffused with the glow of more than artistic enthusiasm. It is curious that, of the three great struggles in which Scotland was engaged—that of National Independence under Wallace and Bruce, that of the Scottish Covenant, and that of the Jacobite cause—the last and least worthy has produced incomparably the most and finest poetry and song. "Blind Harry" and Barbour have versified the exploits of Wallace and Bruce; but the true lyrists of the struggle was Burns—who also sang Culloden or "Drumossie Moor"—in his "Scots wha hae." The great and noble contest of the Covenant has had eloquent prose celebrators, but no poetic laureate, whose poetry at least arose in that very age, or is at all equal in popularity and power to the Jacobite relics which appeared at the time or soon after the memorable mistake of that struggle had ended, and when its chivalric bubble had newly gone down in blood. One reason of this may be, the bards of Scotland during the eighteenth century were, we fear, speaking generally, irreligious, and not very moral men, and had little sympathy with the Covenanting spirit, but much with that bright mist of poetical enthusiasm which mantled around the cause of the Pretender.

Scottish nature—that fine varied form, with its mountains, its lochs, its deep ravines, its thick forests and copsewoods, its great glens and straths, its sweet river-sides and "rowin burnies," its lang yellow broom and its golden furze, its corn-riggs and barley-riggs—has furnished the salt, if not the matter, of a thousand Scottish strains of unrivalled beauty. Love—a passion which burns nowhere more strongly and nowhere more purely than in Scottish hearts—has been the light of immortal life to ballads innumerable and songs, compared to which "Italian trills are tame." The world has but one "Highland Mary," and but one "Mary in Heaven." Conviviality—sometimes, alas! degrading into intemperance, but more frequently the mere innocent joy of kindred hearts, as they meet after long absence or many hard experiences, and pass a night of harmless mirth and sociality—is not forgotten by the song-writers of Scotland; and they are, as we have before hinted, very careful to embalme all the national customs of their country—from the first "fairs" given in the market-place by the lover to his sweetheart, up to the throwing of the stocking over the head of the bride—in their verse, which has thus become a museum conservative of manners which are fast passing away. It is the glory and the power of these writers that they have almost entirely confined themselves to the enchanted circle of Scotland's scenery, manners and story. They have, Antæus-like, preserved or regained their vigour by drawing virtue from their natal soil.

Such general remarks might be multiplied indefinitely, and we should not soon weary ourselves, however we might weary our readers,

with a subject so congenial. But we must proceed to the work before us. It is a book in every way creditable to the talents, taste, and diligence of the compiler. The object of the author is to form a "complete cabinet" of the "gems of the Scottish mountains"—to arrange the names of the modern authors of Scottish song in chronological order—to supply memoirs of the writers, compiled, in general, from new materials—and to adapt, by means of suitable metrical translations, the minstrelsy of the Gael (or Highlanders) for Lowland melody; this last part being contributed by a "learned friend of the author, intimately familiar with the language and poetry of the Highlands." The present work is adorned by a portrait of Sir Walter Scott (not, sooth to say, a good likeness of the Minstrel, whatever it may be of the Man), and an engraving of the Auld House of Gask—the birthplace of Lady Nairn, the authoress of many of the best songs in the volume. The series is to occupy six volumes, each of the subsequent volumes to be illustrated by two engravings, and accompanied by a dissertation on a distinct department of Scottish poetry and song. In the course of the work many original compositions, recovered from the MS. of deceased poets, or contributed by distinguished living bards, are promised.

Such is the very distinct and satisfactory plan; let us now rapidly see how the author has fulfilled it. And first for the literary merit of the biographies prefixed. That is very considerable indeed. All the lives are written in a generous, genial spirit—are full of plain facts, clearly told, and of judicious, well-expressed, and catholic criticism. The author leads us down a very agreeable and diversified gallery of Scottish singers. We have first old John Skinner, the friend of Burns, the author of the famous "Tullochgorum," "John o' Badenyon," and the "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," whose pastorate in the Episcopal church at Linshart, in that dreary district which borders on Peterhead, we remember once passing, wrapt the while in wonder how the inspiration of the poet of "John o' Badenyon" and "Tullochgorum" could have coexisted with a lifelong residence in a spot where nature seemed throwing out signals of distress, and where even the dignity of desolation was wanting. The next singer is also a clergyman, William Cameron, of Kirknewton, a pupil of Dr. Beattie, the author of some of the Scotch paraphrases and of one song here given, "As o'er the Highland hills I bled." It is pretty, but will not preserve his name. Then follows Mrs. John Hunter, the wife of the celebrated anatomist, a very accomplished person, author of "the Indian Death-Song," "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," and of one of the various versions of the "Flowers of the Forest." There enters next a Duke Alexander, Duke of Gordon, author of one spirited version of the old song "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen"—a most true stave; for all about Aberdeen is cauld, its *kail*, its crags, its granite, its faces, its breezes, and its hearts. To warm us, however, on our way comes in Mrs. Grant, of Carron, with her one song—a song of desertion which yet rings like a marriage-bell—"Roy's Wife of Aldevalloch"—in truth, a most delectable ditty. Dr. Robert Couper, a physician, who hovered in life between Fochabers in the far north, and Wigton in the far south, steps forward next, and volunteers "Shinara," the "Sheeling" and the "Ewebuights Marion," (a name we love dearly as well as the song, but which should always be printed or written *Marien*—as Mary Howitt has it in her sweet "Marien's Pilgrimage.") We thank him, but forget his minstrelsy, when Lady Anne Barnard, the amiable and gifted daughter of James, Earl of Balcarres, sings us "Auld Robin Gray"—and we burst into tears (By the way, the second part of this inimitable lyric detestable abortion; and worse, there can be little doubt it is by the same hand as the first—it is like MacNeill's "Waes of War," following the "Lamentations of Jeremiah.") John Tait, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, lifts up next a sweet, plaintive, but rather feeble voice, singing "The Banks of the Dee," the words in which,

Flow on, lovely Dee; flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks' purest stream shall be dear to me for ever,

we remember spouting to ourselves, with vast enthusiasm, while walking by the side of the Northern Dee from Brackmar to Balmoral—not then knowing that it was for the southern or Galwegian Dee that the words were intended by the poet. Hector MacNeill, the author of "Scotland's Skaith," strikes up next the far finer and

truer strains of "Mary of Castlereary," "Come under my Plaidie," and "Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;" besides some others of less note. Mrs. Grant of Laggan (whose delightful "Letters from the Mountains" are now most undeservedly neglected) proceeds next to sing, "O where, tell me where, is my Highland laddie gaen?" and "O my love, leave me not." Then come John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun," with "Logan Braes," and a few other songs well worth listening to; and John Hamilton, with "The Rantin' Highlandman," "Up in the morning early," and others. High above all the former now appears, like Helen Macgregor on her crag, Joanna Baillie, the creator of De Montford and Count Basil, and pours out some lyrics worthy of Burns, of Scott, and of herself; such as, "Ey, let us all to the wedding," "The weary pund of tow," "The gowan glitters on the sward," and "Wooded and married an' a." What a pity, we think *en passant*, that this gifted lady had not given us, instead of even her "Plays of the Passions," a few Scottish novels, interspersed with such delightful songs as the above, or else two or three Scottish dramas. William Dudgeon (Phœbus, what a name!) next timidly craves permission to give a single song, "Up among yon clifly rocks;" and we cry, after hearing it, "Why have you no more in your wallet?" After "single-song" Dudgeon stands up William Reid (not the notorious William Reid of Lothian-road, Edinburgh, but of Glasgow), and, rather much in the style of a street ballad-singer, gives us "Kate of Gowrie, O!" Thanking him, however, for his "Lea-rig," we become all ear (after a brief interlude by Alexander Campbell) to listen to the wife of the famous Dugald Stewart, as she, in a voice low and sweet, sings the "Tears I shed must ever fall," and "Returning spring with gladness ray." Next comes Alexander Wilson, the illustrious American ornithologist, with his "Connal and Flora," "Auchtertool," and "Matilda."

The next fair singer must be more formally introduced. Caroline Baroness Nairn supplies the most interesting chapter in this volume. Every lover of Scottish song is familiar with the songs, "Call'er Herring," "The Land of the Leal," "The Laird of Cockpen," "My ain kind dearie O," "Kind Robin loes me," "Gude nicht and joy be wi' you a'," "He's ower the hills that I loe weel," "The Lass o' Gowrie." Some of these have been ascribed to Burns, and are equal to any of his. It has been reserved for Dr. Rogers to announce publicly what had long been suspected by many, and known to her personal friends, that the real author is the late Baroness Nairn—a lady who died in 1845 at Gask House, Perthshire, at the advanced age of 79. We will not forestal Dr. Rogers in the particulars he gives, and the evidence he leads on the subject of Lady Nairn's claims to be the author of these songs. Suffice it to say, that he has ascertained, on the testimony of her own letters, and of her most intimate friends, that she contributed most of the pieces here ascribed to her, under the signature of "B. B.," to the *Scottish Minstrel* (an undertaking edited in Edinburgh by R. A. Smith), but always steadfastly refused to let her name be known. She was an amiable woman; in her youth extremely beautiful—known as the "Flower of Strathern" (that lovely Strath in Perthshire where we are at present writing); in her age very benevolent and pious, and her memory is still fragrant in the region of her birth. The chapter devoted to this lady, including her songs, some of which are printed for the first time, is alone worth double the price of this volume. Her aim as a lyrist was to purify Scottish song from indecency, and in this she admirably succeeded. Her songs, besides, have all the feeling and fancy, if not the passion and the power, of Burns.

After this noble lady has in a muffled voice sung her exquisite ditties, two Jameses of unequal name, James Nicol and James Montgomery, claim an audience. We listen well pleased to the former's "Haluckit Meg" and "My dear little lassie;" and to the others "Via Crucis, via Lucia," and "Verses to a Robin Red-breast." Next, two Scotts of still more unequal fame, Andrew Scott, the beadle of Bowden (the birthplace, by the way, of Thomas Aird), and Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Andrew's clansman and neighbour (even as Great Britain is a neighbour island to the Smaller and Greater Cumbraes), utter their voices—Andrew doing his best with "Simon and Janet;" and the mighty Minstrel chanting, rather than singing,

in a rough voice, "O Young Lochinvar is come out of the west," "Hail to the chief that in triumph advances," and "This night the heath must be my bed;" but why not also that spirit-stirring mountain stave:—

The forest of Glenmore is dark and drear,
It is all of the pine and the black fir tree, &c.

This closes the Lowland songsters of the first volume; but there follow, as a last section, some of the metrical translations of the modern Gaelic minstrelsy. This to many will be the most curious part of the volume. We confess a deep interest in that wild, floating poetry of the Grampians, and deem the task of gathering May dew on a Beltane morning not so romantic as that of collecting this true mountain dew of the hills into permanent vessels. We love to think of these wandering men of the mountains—these shepherds, herdsmen, gamekeepers, living on braxy mutton and sma' still usquebae, not able to write or read a word of any language—smitten, amid the solitudes of their birthplace, by the fire of national and poetic enthusiasm, and uttering it in torrents of song as genuine, profuse, and uncontrollable as the cataracts of their own country. Here we find all that *sincerity* and simple strength we desiderate in modern poetry. Here we find men not anxious to shine; not heating themselves for the nonce; not simulating knowledge or enthusiasm for subjects in which in reality they have no interest; not reading Lord Raglan Gazettes, in order to get up a military frenzy; not attending dissecting rooms and taking bones and skulls in their arms, in order to galvanise themselves into a proper mood for writing on death, but men pouring forth their love for their own glens and Bens, streams and corries, their hatred for their rival clansmen, their horror at the ghosts of their own moors, and their worship of the God of their fathers, their wail for Glencoe and their pæan over Preston-pans, in the rough strong syllables of their native speech. If our readers would like to see specimens of this sort of aboriginal song, let them turn to the poems in this volume by Dougal Buchanan and Duncan MacIntyre—the latter of whom knew no alphabet of any language, but who has painted the scenery, the dogs, the deer, the goats, and the guns of the Highlands, as none but a man of genius could. None of the specimens here given are quite equal, perhaps, to the Hunter's Song or the Song of the Owl, preserved by Mrs. Grant in her Essay on Gaelic Superstitions (a song said to have been composed in a barn in Crieff, by a Highland wanderer); but all—particularly "The Skull," by Buchanan, and "Urlar and Sinblar," by MacIntyre—are striking and poetical.

We can only now say, in reference to this very interesting volume, that it is elegantly got up; and may add our warm wish that the success be equal to the merit of the series. We commend it to every lover of poetry and Scottish Song.

APOLLODORUS.

The Olden and Modern Times, with other Poems. By the Rev. W. SMITH MARRIOTT, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Echoes of the War, and other Poems. By HENRY SEWELL STOKES. London: Longman and Co. *Irene, and other Poems.* By CHARLES WALKER. London: Saunders and Otley.

THE terms "olden and modern times" involve a comparison calculated to awaken both admiration and regret. The Crystal Palace is a glorious substitute for the old bear-gardens and bull-rings; but what substitution have we for the decay of many old English games and Christmas pastimes, hilarious, harmless, and healthy, which served to keep the heart young, and the feelings unfrosted? Nowadays we have young gentlemen in Wellingtons, who, doubtless thinking that the old Popish torture of the "collar" was a fashionable appliance, imitate the torture most abominably in linen. What sympathy can these self-stragulating martyrs have with gymnastics or ruralities—with the festivities of our honest forefathers, who took no pride in forgetting their boyhood?

But it is not our business, but the business of our author, to draw comparisons between the past and present. Some comparisons have so been made by Mr. Marriott, which we are neither called upon to rebut or to defend, but simply say whether they possess poetic vitality. To speak figuratively, Mr. Marriott has attempted to thrust a dagger between the ribs of the "cotton lords" and others who are opposed to all war, defensive as well as offensive.

Of all the humbugs, which an age
Benown'd for them will fill the page
Of future annals, none will be
Like that dubb'd "Peace Society."

Without expressing any sympathy with the Peace Society, for we have none, it is but fair to say that Mr. Marriott's dagger has no point, no keenness, no shining qualities. There is neither sharp satire nor denunciating vigour in the author of *The Olden and Modern Times*. The manner of attack wants force and fitness, and is, we think, totally incompetent to hurl from its pedestal a real or supposed error or absurdity. We like Mr. Marriott best in that portion of his book which he has denominated "Sacred Poems."

This we should have affirmed had we not known the author was a clergyman. These poems, and some few among the "Miscellaneous," are commendable, not that they are unusual or very choice, but because their style is vastly superior to the style of the first poem.

Mr. Stokes won something like a name by his pastoral panoramas and his melodious descriptions of "The Vale of Lanherne." From the quiet beauties of English valleys he has flown to the rugged hills and the bloody tumult of Bala-klava and Inkermann. The change is natural enough to the impulsive nature of the poet. From his antecedents, it was impossible that Mr. Stokes could write feebly or meanly of victories which hurled back the onrushing flood of barbarism. We are not, therefore, surprised that he should have written these *Echoes of War* with a firm hand. They are astir with life, with activity, with triumph, and are, to our thinking, among the most successful of those poems named Legion which have sung of Crimean victories.

Irene, and other Poems, by Charles Walker, are evidently the production of a young or unpractised hand. The measure is exceedingly capricious, frequently irregular, often inharmonious. In the garden of rhyme there has been no weeding process, no trimming of the hedges, no smoothing of the paths. The power of the author to invent a story is stronger than the ability or the will to correct unmusical expression. This, and similar passages (which are plentiful enough), is in the worst taste:—

'Twould seem as if the bud were born
But for to die.

A successful poem requires more painstaking than Mr. Walker yet understands. Moore said: "The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in 'Lalla Rookh' will appear to some persons much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and 'light-o'-love' fictions." Persons who so think form a mean and narrow view of the poet's vocation. As our object is to encourage poetry, we would advise Mr. Walker to carefully reinspect his poems; and, musing over those words of Moore, remember the breadth and solidity of Moore's fame.

Poems. By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES. Second Edition. London: John Chapman.

OF Miss Parkes's first volume of poems, and her subsequent "Summer Sketches," we had occasion to speak in warm encomiums. These poems, so sparkling and unacknowledged, have flowered in the sunny favour of the public into a second edition, and, to speak truly, they deserve to expand still into other editions. Miss Parkes evidently *thinks* while she writes, and thinks in such a natural and unpedantic way, that thought in her does not distort, or check, or obscure the pellucid stream of minstrelsy. Miss Parkes blends admirably the playfulness of a fresh and elastic disposition with the strong and serious grasp of an intellect which perceives the suggestiveness of every object in its path, and is feelingly alive to the earnestness of life. This age may yet expect a rich crop of poetry from Bessie Rayner Parkes, because (and we could easily support it by illustration and quotation), there is no living poetess who more completely blends bardic intuition with studious insight into nature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRANGERS IN PARIS.

Bell Smith Abroad. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855.

Imperial Paris. By W. BLANCHARD JERROLD. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

The Louvre; or, Biography of a Museum. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

PARIS, always a powerful attraction to the idle, the curious, and even the thoughtful traveller, is now drawing countless multitudes within its capacious bosom, by the new influence of its

Grande Exposition. To those who watch the uniform direction of literary currents, this fact will sufficiently explain the sudden eruption of books of all sorts and sizes, written by various hands, and exhibiting every conceivable gradation of talent and stupidity, all bearing more or less directly or remotely upon the French metropolis. Just as, from the first breaking out of the war to the present time, books and booklings have teemed from the press (originals, translations, and reprints), and varying in relevancy to the affairs now transacting in the East, from the "Trip to the Trenches" to the "History of the old Tatar Khans;" so we are now exposed to an inundation of Paris Trips, Paris Guide-books, and Paris Sketches, quite bewildering to the choice of that generally over-taxed individual, the general reader. We have taken a few of the more notable among these, and purpose rambling through them in a discursive sort of way; not aiming at anything particularly, but hopeful that in the end some moral may be extracted.

When Carlyle observed of the American Constitution that it had begotten "eighteen millions of the greatest bores ever seen in this world before," he gave utterance to one of the most profound social truths ever discovered by moral philosophy. We admire the energy of the Americans, their business capacity, their power of getting through a vast amount of useful work (albeit with a great deal of useless noise and splashing), and we thoroughly appreciate their talent for driving a bargain, and extracting dollars out of other people's pockets; but we appeal to any man of sense and candour whether he ever quitted a thorough-bred Yankee, or laid down a book written by one, without the painful and overwhelming feeling that he had been thoroughly and unmistakably bored. Whether in his talk or in his writings, your common American has so much and such very loud self-assumption, so much egotism, and (to speak the truth) so much ignorance, that it is impossible either to listen to him or read him without that insupportable sensation of hopeless oppression which is commonly understood by the word *boredom*. So much for the genus: if we descend to species, undoubtedly the very worst is the Yankee traveller—the fast young gentleman or lady who deems it a necessary part of his or her education, to take a passage in a Boston liner, and, with a mind utterly unprepared for the conception of one single idea or the formation of one sound opinion, "do" the "old country" and the continent of Europe within the short space of a month or two. Who is there that ever sunned himself among the vines of France, or cooled himself in the blue waters of the Rhine, or refreshed his soul with classic memories amid the ruins of the Coliseum, or drunk in charmed memories of knightly love and knightly prowess in the stately courts of the Alhambra, whose enjoyment has not been neutralised by some pert and pushing Yankee, "guessing" all sorts of impertinent things, "calculating" all manner of irrelevant things, and gauging every noble and beautiful object by the puny standard of his own vain intelligence? And when these travelling pestilences return home, do they not invariably write a book, in which everything is either misstated or misjudged, and which vain-glorious comparisons between every foreign marvel with something American (resulting invariably in favour of the latter) flatter their compatriots into buying and admiring? Take as a specimen of this class of travellers the lady who calls herself a Bell Smith, and whose diary stands at the head of our list.

The account given of herself by Bell Smith (whom we believe to be a Mrs. Piot, wife to the Secretary of the American Legation in Paris) is, that she left New York on the blank day of blank, accompanied by six trunks, four boxes, two carpet-bags, three cloaks, a guitar-box, a bird-cage, and a husband. Her notes upon the voyage to Europe are, in some respects, more particular than nice, as the following choice specimen will testify:—

Colonel H. and D. (the husband) had been boasting of their powers of resistance—claimed to be "old salts," "sea dogs," and other expressive names. The first waves brought D. down. He said he was "a miserable man, and nary salt to speak of," "wished he was dead," &c.; and in the midst of his miseries, Colonel H. rushed up, with his handkerchief instead of his dinner in his mouth, and for the space of fifteen minutes was speechless. His first utterance was a gasping remark that "he had no idea he was so bilious."

Among Bell Smith's fellow-passengers was a certain Mrs. T., whom she designates as "the

celebrated traveler" (this is the usual American manner of spelling our word *traveller*), who had "girdled the earth, and alone." Very well capable of doing it alone seems to have been this unprotected female, judging by the fact that she wore "boots with most decided heels," smoked, and took snuff.

The party landed at Havre, and proceeded, by way of Rouen, to Paris. We pass over the usual preliminaries about selecting hotel, surprise at first French breakfast, and come at once to Bell Smith's opinions upon France and Frenchmen. The following observation is founded upon a cursory inspection of the Place de la Bourse from her bedroom window, on the morning after her arrival:—

No one could possibly mistake it for any part of New York. There is a fussiness about it, if one may use such an expression. The men move quickly, but have no earnestness in their faces; they seem to be pretending to work. They are too dressy—their moustaches and whiskers are quite too well trimmed for people who really have minds, and something on them. You miss the pale, dyspeptic anxiety of New Yorkers, where business has the weight of a world-wide commerce, the destiny of nations in keeping, and to the individual all the uncertainty of gambling. Well, the look is a true indication of the facts, I am told. France is made up of garden patches, and its commerce and manufactures devoted to trifles. French business is a sham; French religion is a sham; French people are shams, vibrating between barricades and despotism.

Rather a cool way this of disposing of a population twice as numerous as that of the United States, of a commerce at least twice as wealthy, and of manufactures more than ten times the extent and importance. Even the famed French politeness is pronounced to be "a sham."

Heaven bless our own land! We may not have the politeness of the French; but the kindly feeling which gives existence to a respect for woman weighs more with me than all the empty forms and set phrases which have made this people so famous.

Presently we come to a piece of true American politeness, and the specimen, though novel, is decidedly not very inviting. Bell Smith and her party, having secured apartments on the fifth floor of an hotel *meuble*, set to work attempting to manufacture coffee. Failing in this, D. (Bell Smith's husband) throws the coffee-pot out of the window.

Its descent was curious; for a short distance it took rather a south-by-easterly course. In this direction it struck a stone projection of a house near by, which changed its flight to almost due east, and so continued until it hit and went in at a window, through a pane of glass, with some noise. From this it immediately flew out, quite hastily indeed, followed by a white nightcap, covering the head of an irritable old citizen, who, with the tassel of his cap shaking with very wrath and indignation, looked in every direction but the right one. The coffee-pot continued until it struck a street-cleaner in the back, who jumped as if shot.

Infinitely to the surprise of this well-bred American lady, this little escapade was followed by the visit of two of the police, "with terrible swords at their side, and the worst fitting clothes I believe I ever did see." Here was a terrible blow to a party of free citizens, with whom liberty appears to signify liberty of throwing coffee-pots out of window through the panes of your neighbours, and upon the backs of passers-by in the street. However, there was no resisting the pressing solicitations of the *sergens de ville*, and an interview with the commissary was the result.

There was no denying the charge. The indignant old citizen was on hand, discoursing rapidly in excellent French; the hit-in-the-back workmen was hard by, talking vehemently in very bad French; so nothing was left but to confess the awful crime, and submit to punishment. As we were strangers, and as *Paris lives on strangers*, the polite judge only fined us fifty francs, which, with the expenses incident, brought the amount up to about twelve dollars.

Perhaps, if the "polite judge" had sent these facetious coffee-pot throwers to ruminate over the consequences of their folly for a week at the Nouvelle Force, he would have better met the justice of the case, and have saved himself from this vulgar sneer.

Bell Smith evidently considers herself a great authority upon politeness, and returns to the subject again and again.

French politeness has become proverbial. I do not think, however, the characteristic aimed at is well understood, or such a term would not be used. If by politeness we mean good-heartedness, that seeks others' pleasure, it is sadly misapplied. The French,

as a people, have very little feeling. It is the pride of one class to appear civil, well-bred. Of the tradesman, it is their interest to be almost servile; but, outside of these, we encounter the rudest beings on earth. A French lady gives you a welcome, and you feel that it is from the lips, however choice the phrase or impressive the manner.

And so on through another page or two of ill-natured depreciation. But, if French politeness is not equal to American politeness, so neither are French fountains to American fountains.

Let me say here, that when we do attempt anything at home we are not to be outdone. I have seen nothing here, in the way of a fountain, that can compare to that glorious one of the Park in New York. There is one at Versailles, which makes a slight approach; but it exhibits but an hour every three months.

There is one thing which the Americans do at home in which they certainly never are to be outdone, and that one thing is—bragging.

One more specimen of Bell Smith's "candid opinions," and we have done with her.

What is to be thought of a people whose circulating medium is copper, and counted by centimes? We have been called a money-making people as compared to the French; it is a vile slander. To come from New York to this place is to leave a generous, impulsive people, for a narrow, avaricious crowd, that come so unexpectedly upon you that you are astounded, and hesitate about expressing the fact. You leave the heart of a great country, throbbing with the tremendous currents of a world-wide commerce, and moving with the dignity of a nation possessed of a destiny, for a country of tradespeople without trade, and avaricious without money. . . . You have the Opera in New York—that last reach of civilised enjoyment—as they cannot have it here.

Could ignorance, impudence, and conceit, go further?

D., the husband, appears to be, if possible, a trifle worse than his wife, at least upon her own showing:—

He calls sculpture stone-cutting, and considers painting merely a decorative art, something above gilding, but infinitely below architecture. He styles the old masters "old humbugs," and says it is below the dignity of a people to be enthused (*sic*) over such trifles. Above all has he a contempt for what he calls cant of criticism.

Quoting Carlyle once more, well may we say, if we are to take Bell Smith as a fair specimen of her people, "My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship, or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None; the American cousins have yet done none of these things."

How much fresher and more genuine, and oh! how far wiser and more instructive, are the kindly pictures which compose Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's panorama of *Imperial Paris*. Many of the papers contained in this series have already appeared in the pages of *Household Words*; but even those who have read them once in that form will derive both pleasure and profit from a second perusal of them in this collected shape. Here is no pretentious attempt to sum up a mighty nation at a glance—no sweeping censure or indiscriminate praise. Mr. Jerrold merely presents a few loose sketches of Paris life; but then they have the fidelity of a photograph, combined with the dashing freedom of an artistic pencil. French art and Paris artists; funerals; dinner at the *Trois Frères*, and dinner beyond the barrier; student life; a barrier ball; the Carnival; rags and rag-pickers; and the Bois de Boulogne;—such are a few of the subjects treated of in this charming little volume. One or two extracts will serve to tempt the reader into procuring the rest.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Indisputably the French prevalent notion is, that Paris is the cradle as well as the finishing academy of every department of art and science—the spot upon which the highest point of modern civilisation is attained. The Englishman's notion, it must be remarked, on the contrary, is that Paris is the city of pleasure, and of elegant pleasure; but that all which is solid and of serious account in the world has its home in England. My experience inclines me to the belief that both views are false. The Frenchman is more serious than the Englishman believes; the real Englishman is an individual more inclined to laugh and enjoy himself than the Frenchman is ready to allow. You may distinguish an Englishman on the Boulevards from the crowd of Frenchmen who surround him, as in Cheapside you may pick out any

* And Sterne before him.

stray Frenchman from amid the throng of Cheapside citizens. In France the Englishman has a serious, half-comic look, with his measured walk and simple dress; in England, the Frenchman's appearance strikes the observer as extravagant, if not vulgar. Thus, this question, viewed from both sides of the channel, obtains a light in which has not often been examined by the English, and never by the French. Up to the present hour Parisians regard Englishmen as a dull, heavy, material race, given only to money-making; deficient in imagination, but sufficient in the requirements of a bank parlour. . . . The French have yet to discover that the poetic element dwells sometimes in London; that the English are establishing a notable school of art; that Britons can amuse themselves, and do occasionally laugh; and that the soul of every son of Albion is not nailed, like a bad shilling, to his counter. On the other hand, the English nation will be convinced that behind the dense Gallic beard there is a serious brain sometimes; that solid works are performed within the imperial dominions.

Here we find a touch of that appreciate spirit, the absence of which was so much to be deplored in the American tourist. We next take a lively, rattling sketch of

A STUDENTS' PARTY.

To get up a "ponch" party, is, in the estimation of the student, a highly pleasant way of finishing an idle morning; and it is amusing to watch the excitement with which the diners who drop into the *table d'hôte* are requested to add their fifteen sous to the ponch subscription. A sufficient number of contributors having been obtained, the best available rooms are selected, and the contractor for the entertainment proceeds to buy three or four pounds of lump-sugar, two or three bottles of brandy, a bottle of Kirsch, one of rum, a heap of biscuits, and a huge baba! These materials are arranged upon the mantel-piece of the room selected for the entertainment; the guests assemble, each man bringing his own tumbler from his own wash-hand stand; two or three walk up and down learning off songs from bits of paper with an excited air; and the landlady sends up a message, declaring that she will not allow any singing on the part of *messieurs les locataires* after eleven o'clock. This message is received with shouts of derision; the young fellows skip about the ponch-bol (which is a common brown earthenware pan); examine the contents of the bottles; and stop every man who begins a song, by declaring that he is anticipating the entertainment. Then the master of the ceremonies opens the proceedings by making a kettle full of green tea over a spirit-lamp. This accomplished, he half fills the "bol" with sugar, then empties a bottle of brandy and a considerable quantity of rum upon it. The next proceeding is to light the spirit. This accomplished, all the candles are extinguished, and to the glare of the blue flame from the ponch-bol, which mounts to a considerable height, the wild young fellows open their concert. As they gesticulate and shout about the bol they look like burlesque demons. Their songs are chiefly laments over the degenerate days of le vieux Quartier Latin. The ponch, having burned for about three quarters of an hour, is ladled out to the guests; pipes are lighted; and lively conversation is carried on. Suddenly it is suggested that the hour for dancing has arrived. The door of an adjoining room is thrown open, disclosing an apartment regularly cleaned, for a polka. A stranger instantly wonders where the ladies are coming from; but he is soon relieved from any doubt by an invitation from one of the young men to dance with him. The night is warm; the windows are thrown open; the students remove their coats; and then, to the fiddle of a fellow-student, dance a quadrille among themselves. The quadrille is followed by a polka; and then a second bol of ponch is lighted,—this time a bol of Kirsch ponch. Then the baba is cut up and demolished, amid practical jokes, usually played in England at the age of twelve. And then follow songs; and enu-de-vie de Dantzic; and romping; and, in short, the usual consequences of ponch. With a light song, however, and a steady candlestick, the gay fellows presently skip off to bed, pinching and pushing one another as they run up the broad staircase of the hotel.

Of a graver tone and upon a graver subject is Mr. Bayle St. John's monograph upon the Louvre. An enthusiast in art and a painstaking student of its mysteries, Mr. St. John has explored the treasures of that matchless storehouse, and presents to his readers the results of his researches in a style as free from pedantry as it is replete with interest and instruction. To use his own words, he has "mingled narrative with description and anecdote with criticism;" and this plan of writing, always preferable to the mere guide-book model, is rendered all the more valuable from the fact that the author has collected his material quite as much from the conversations and communications of artists and other men skilled in art, as from his own personal observation.

The major part of Mr. St. John's book is taken up with recording the deeds and services to art rendered by M. Jeanron, the Director of the

Museum named by the Government of 1848, to whom it appears that all credit is due for having brought the collections in the Louvre to their present admirable state. When M. Jeanron was appointed director, the French mob, drunk with their easy conquest over a timorous king, had bivouacked in the Louvre. They were actually lighting fires in the first section of the gallery. This was a sufficiently discouraging fact, one would have thought, for any common man; but M. Jeanron had accepted the office, and was determined to do his duty. He spoke to the people, appealed to their better feelings, and persuaded them not only to retire, but to act as an advanced guard to prevent others from damaging the collections. A little episode of that time, related by Mr. St. John, shows the imminent danger in which the Louvre was, and the tact displayed by M. Jeanron.

In the midst of the Court of the Louvre rose the bronze statue of the Duke of Orleans; and the band from the Palais Royal, though they consented to refrain from sacking the museum, expressed their deliberate intention of destroying this monument. But M. Jeanron, convinced that any concession would be impolitic if he wished that night to end well, and that the work of destruction once commenced would be hard to check, said that he would rather be torn to pieces than allow the work of a French artist to be thus demolished—assured them that they would find him a tough person to deal with, for he was a true Republican, as they were—but promised that he would cause the obnoxious statue to be removed in the course of the night.

This was granted by the people; and by dint of working all night the Director managed to get the statue into a place of safety before the people returned to see whether he had kept faith with them. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal remained, and many hammers were raised to smash them; but a man in the crowd stepped forward and said that he was of the trade himself, and could not understand how M. Jeanron had contrived to get through so much work in so short a time. "The best we can do, therefore," said he, "is to make him a present of the bas-reliefs for his trouble." So the entire statue was saved from destruction.

But this was not the sum of M. Jeanron's services; the most wholesome reforms and the wisest measures speedily characterised his rule. The Art Exposition of 1848 was organised by him in a manner never attempted before. The destructive system of cleaning and "restoring," which had risen up and flourished under the patronage of the Monarchy, was at once suppressed by him, and with what need may be gathered from a hundred examples adduced by Mr. St. John. We fear that parallel cases to a few of these abuses could be produced from our own National Gallery. A picture by Prudhon had been taken from the Louvre, and cut to fit a ceiling at St. Cloud, where an accident to a chandelier caused it to be singed and completely spoiled. Some of the best pictures in the collection were taken to be used as models at the royal manufactories; and it is related that Raphael's "Vierge au Linge" was kept for five years in the atelier of a copyist employed at the porcelain factory of Sèvres, and was only replaced by M. Jeanron. Under the Monarchy the cleaning ateliers of the Louvre were so celebrated, that private persons used to send their art-treasures thither to be "restored." The monks of La Trappe having a portrait of the Abbé Rancé, the reformer of the order of Cîteaux, sent it to the Louvre to be cleaned. At the back of the picture was a curious memorandum, written by Saint-Simon, relating all the facts connected with the portrait. This inscription was covered up with a new canvass, and when the mistake was discovered and an attempt made to remedy it, the writing was quite illegible. Nine professed restorers were constantly employed at the Louvre during Louis-Philippe's time; and here is M. Jeanron's opinion upon their labours:—

Louis-Philippe was not devout, I think; but, on the other hand, he was very clean. What a vast amount of pictures were scrubbed under his reign! How many beautiful pieces of colour dirtied during that period the essence, alcohol, and soap-pans in those active ateliers of restoration which were favoured with such frequent visits! Crosses of honour have been gained at that work, and immense sums to boot. A Dutch picture-dealer, I think—a M. de Nieuwenhuis, whose acquaintance I made whilst copying, under his eyes, the "Man with the Toga" of Rembrandt—said to me one day: "If your King goes on in this style, I would give only one-fourth for his gallery in twenty years."

The following anecdote of picture-cleaning is repayable:

A friend of his, a very clever fellow, happening to know the son of an owner of a cabinet of pictures, was requested to restore and varnish some of them. He set to work on the picture of a Dutch master—unvarnished it successfully, according to the received method, and then set about cleaning it with an alkaline substance which he had often tried before—lightly passed a fine sponge over the picture, and obtained—a mere panel! the whole work had slid off into the basin! It appeared that it was not an oil-painting at all. The outline, however, remained. He set to work to restore it from memory, and succeeded to the satisfaction of the owner, who boasted of having had his picture "splendidly cleaned."

All this cleaning and restoring machinery was by M. Jeanron utterly abolished and done away with, much to the disgust of the "vested interests," but greatly to the satisfaction of all true lovers of art.

We wish that our space would enable us to follow Mr. St. John further in his interesting and valuable account of the Louvre, its history and organisation; but for the present we must be content to commend it to our readers as the most charming and least pedantic of art-histories we ever remember to have met with. Within handy compass will be found in this little manual all that it imports an ordinary visitor to know about the past and present condition of that wonderful storehouse of art: much also that even the skilled student may read with profit.

Mr. St. John has now and then a sly but not ill-natured laugh at the expense of his fellow-countryman, the English tourist, who often cares nothing about art, but thinks it necessary and proper to pretend an intense admiration of everything he sees abroad.

Many of our excellent citizens go merely to stare, with neck violently thrown back, at the gaudy paintings, gilding, and carvings, that adorn the ceilings, and sometimes crush the sober works ranged beneath. I saw a family the other day, preceded by the father, with his thumb between the leaves of a catalogue, enter a hall, elevate their chins immediately, and sail right through to the opposite door with horizontal faces appearing above the crowd, never once looking at the pictures, but exclaiming aloud, for the benefit of everybody: "How fine! How magnificent!"

But how far preferable is even this undeviating faith to the ignorant and presumptuous scepticism of Bell Smith?

War Notes is one of the many pamphlets, prompted by the war, which nobody reads. Why are they written? or, more marvellous still, why are they printed?

Dr. Turley has published the substance of two lectures on *Cholera*, in which he traces its cause to deficiency of some salts in the blood, and recommends doses of common salt as a cure.

"A Commercial Traveller" has treated learnedly of *Decimalism* in a pamphlet on the proposed system of weights, measures, and coinage.

Mr. Whittington publishes a treatise on the new Anglo-French Patent for making spirit from mangold-wurzel.

"A Close Observer" has examined into the *Competitory Mode of Admission to the Civil Service in the East India Co.* He denies the value of the prize, and disputes the propriety of the adopted plan.

Mr. L. Jewitt has ministered to the public veneration for Miss Nightingale in a *Stroll to Sea Hurst*, her home, which he describes; and he gives also a drawing of her residence there.

The Rev. P. A. S. Marshall, M.A., has made a powerful appeal on the *Importance of applying Photography to the Preserving of Pictorial Records of the National Monuments*, in which he will have the cordial assent of the public. It should be done systematically by the Government.

"Justitia" eloquently and with considerable force of argument asserts the *Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise*. (Chapman.) It treats the question with candour.

One Mr. A. Fenning writes a pamphlet to prove the *Volcanic Cause of Cholera*.

The Right and Duty of War is maintained by Vernon Lushington, in a pamphlet which would have been better delivered as a speech. He argues well, granting his premises. But the grave religious question is, if Christianity justifies any war not strictly defensive?

Language a Heaven-born Gift. By Dr. K. P. Ter Reehorst. (London: Judd and Glass.)—A learned lecture on the origin and classification of language. The earlier portions, which are disquisitionary, are not in good taste; but when the author comes to state facts and display his learning, a great deal of curious information is to be gathered from him.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The London Quarterly Review, No. VIII., is, as usual, very scientific. "Animal Organisation," and "Chemical Researches in Common Life," are the subjects of elaborate and learned essays. In polite literature we are treated with clever papers on the influence of the Reformation upon English Literature and the Science and Poetry of Art. "The Protestants of France" introduces a history little known in this country. Nothing is so little understood as toleration. It is talked about and written about; but rarely practised even by those who cry out for it the most lustily. Perhaps the article on the "Principle of Religious Intolerance," which endeavours to anatomise the infirmity, may do some service.

The third number of the new series of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* treats of the Climate and Physical Character of the Lake District of Westmoreland; of the Natural History of Electric Fishes; of the Dyeing Properties of Lichens; on the Science of Energetics—meaning by that term the state of a substance which constitutes a capacity for performing work; and an essay on the Influence of the Lower Vegetable Organisms in the Production of Epidemic Diseases, by Dr. Daubeny—a subject well deserving of more research than it has yet received; for the vegetable theory is the only one that is consistent with the actual phenomena of cholera, for instance. Besides these original papers, there are reviews of scientific works, and reports of the proceedings of scientific societies, and intelligence.

The July number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* abounds in subjects of interest to the farmer—as the lameness of sheep; the hereditary diseases of sheep and pigs; the fattening

qualities of different breeds of sheep; experiments with manures; the autumn cleaning of stubbles; Continental farming; feeding of cattle on turnips; the causes of the fertility or barrenness of soils, &c.; besides a large collection of agricultural intelligence.

Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology* treats of "the Brain in relation to the Mind,"—a thoughtful paper which will well repay perusal. The "Autobiography of the Insane" is not merely deeply interesting: it is full of instruction; it will help to throw some light upon the malady itself. The "Psychology of Berkeley" is answered in another paper. We cannot, however, but regret that a place should be given to an article so likely to be misunderstood as that entitled "Does any analogy exist between Insanity and Demoniacal Possession?" The recent case of Baranelli, hanged for murder, is elaborately reviewed by Dr. Winslow, who concludes that he was really insane, and therefore not the proper subject of punishment.

Tait's Magazine for July has, amongst its most notable papers, an article on Printing and Printers, another on Administrative Reform, and a third on the Maine Liquor Law. But *Tait* is not what it was under its old regime.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* adds to its gatherings of Archaeology and History an ample record of the Events of the Month, and a complete Necrology, the latter being the most interesting.

The *Scottish Review*, strange to say, treats of Popular Recreations, earnestly advocating their extension. Our contemporary is right, and we welcome his aid, but we did not expect it. Other papers in this number are of general interest; and, although a Temperance organ, the speciality is carefully kept out of sight.

Chambers's Journal for July contains the usual variety of pleasant and profitable reading which has placed and preserved this journal at the head of the cheap press. Will they be swamped by cheap newspapers? We shall be curious to see.

Hogg's Instructor for July opens with a genial essay on the poetry of Alfred Tennyson, by Gerald Massey. Another interesting paper describes "the Wonders of Printing-house-square."

The 9th part of *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*; the 4th part of *Krasinski's History of Poland*; the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, and the *Churchman's Magazine*, invite no particular notice.

The second number of the *Journal of Public Health*, edited by Dr. Richardson, is devoted to sanatory matters and the progress of epidemics. It will interest all social philosophers.

The *Eclectic Review* for July has a paper on "The Platform," in which the uses and abuses of that arena of what Carlyle irreverently terms "stump oratory" are reviewed with singular impartiality. Modern Scotch Minstrelsy is the theme of another clever paper.

The *Art Journal* for July presents, from the Queen's galleries at Windsor, Lawrence's portrait of the Princess Amelia, and Robert's Gate of the Metwaleys, at Cairo. Flaxman is the British artist selected for illustration, and many engravings of his best works are introduced. Another attractive series is that of the works in the Paris Exhibition.

The *Ladies' Companion* adds to pictures and descriptions of the fashions contributions of various merit from divers pens.

The 6th and 7th parts of the *Supplement to the Imperial Dictionary*, by Dr. Ogilvie, complete the work, which is the most copious collection ever yet published of technical terms.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE CRITIC abroad! He must indeed be a very strong-minded or very dull critic who is not abroad in these broiling dog-days—abroad in his logic, abroad among the breezes, if there are any, abroad among wheat-fields, shady groves, or by the side of running waters. Your strong-minded critic will tarry in town, the "sun's perpendicular height" has no effect upon him. He never sweats. He will cut you up a book as coolly as he would cut up a ham at a picnic under the greenwood tree, or he will commend you to a dull book as coolly as he commends you to a glass of gooseberry, passing it off as genuine champagne. The dull critic is a timid man, who is ever afraid of draughts and colds, of sun-strokes, or of being run over in the streets. In such July weather as the present, he pants as a hart after the water-brooks. So he dons a light Alpaca, places on his head a most revolutionary-looking piece of felt, puts light shoes upon his feet, takes a sturdy staff in his hand, and, in the phraseology of Peppys or Spalding, away goes he. We had almost omitted to say, that in one pocket he carries a few samples of light literature, and in another his light linen, with such accessories of the dressing-table as he can conveniently stow away. But whither away goes the dull critic? His fine gold is dim, his bright gold has small lustre, his shillings are attenuated into what, in common parlance, are called fiddlers' money and fourpenny bits. What remedy for him? Or with his slender supplies whither shall he turn? Like a much-abused gentleman underground, he takes his copper and flings it up—

Heads for England, tails for France,
He toss'd, and heads it came.

We tossed, but neither head nor tail turned up. The copper, in its capers on the table, descended upon the floor, and in a seam of the plank-work stood upright, defying conjecture. We had recourse to another expedient. As Devonshire rustics prick the Bible to discover a witch, or to find remedy against the wiles of the Devil, so we, taking up a pin, pricked into the "Gazetteer" *secundum artem*, to discover where should be our whereabouts in these piping times of heat. The pin's point fairly entered Arcadia—"the well-known name of the mountainous province in the Morea, which is now called Braccio di Maina. It was celebrated in ancient song as the seat of pastoral innocence and happiness." So far our Gazetteer. The fates so determining, away went we to Arcadia, from whence we now indite, having taken care beforehand to provide ourselves with light literature and a light wallet. We must say, in advance, that pastoral innocence

and happiness are pretty much where the poet left them two thousand years ago. Goatherds are still goatherds, redolent of garlic and Nicotiana, unknown to the gods; milkmaids are still milkmaids, with ruddy lips, rosy cheeks, and clumsy fingers. The vocal qualities of a milkmaid, by-the-by, are as mythical as those of a Syren. Glaucus continues to emit pestiferous music from henbane whistles, and Chloe has still to take lessons in tee-totalism and dancing. The shepherds have not much to say for themselves, and the shepherdesses are not half so interesting as the pretty shepherdesses in china on the mantle-piece, who pat a curly lamb with one hand, and hold a golden-headed crook in the other. Their boddies are not half so attractive; and, as to roses in the hair, they wear none. The cheese has not improved in quality, and the bread has occasionally to be cut with a hatchet. But the trees are still the same, the woods still are bosky, and the fountains and streams as clear as of yore. We miss the Dryades and the Naiades—no great miss, perhaps, seeing that they might lead us into evil ways. The great Pan is dead, and his reeds moulder along with the teeth of Siné, who thought him no beauty, and left him destitute of his morning's supply of tops and bottoms. Sit we down here, however, under cover of oak and beech, near to a pool where the stag comes to slake his thirst and stare at the shadow of his antlers in the water, and let us open our wallet.

The title-page—we draw out haphazard—the title-page reads strange; "the evil things that have been said of women." *Le Mal qu'on a dit des femmes*. Emile Deschanel is the author, not of the evil sayings, but of the book which records the evil sayings. Poor Eve! everyone begins by scolding Eve, as if she could help it. It was a law of her nature. Really the knowledge of good and evil was worth the hazard. Fruit beautiful—good for food and pleasant to the eyes. The speckled tempter—all his scales burnished plates of silver and gold; his eye maliciously good-natured; his voice so soft; his logic so persuasive, "Ye shall be as gods!" No talk of ribbons and laces. The woman was not to be tempted by wares of Coventry and Valenciennes, but by exciting her love of knowledge. To talk of a woman's curiosity is to talk vulgarly. But herein we anticipate, in sentiment, a forthcoming work by the same writer—*Le Bien qu'on a dit des femmes*. We shall weigh the one book against the other, in grammes or grains, and let the indulgent reader know whether more of evil or of good has been said of woman. For the present of the evil things that have been said of

women: we rather like to read these evil things; just as out of pure love we sometimes pinch—so very softly—the chubby cheeks of a dear child. We are not content with unmixed good; and would rather add sand to our sugar. The Gauls were wont to beat their wives, out of pure affection: the wives, no doubt, would have had them display their affection in some milder fashion. Deschanel quotes his authorities from Solomon downwards, not forgetting the men of Greece and Rome. Homer was a woman-lover. He says many pretty things of the sex—of their eyes, their hair, their lips, their chins. Hesiod held his peculiar notions regarding the sex. He says, "The race of women is pernicious; it causes many evils to mortals. It comes to partake with us the sweets of life; but it will not partake of our poverty. Woman is the wasp that eats the sweet honey made by the bees. The race of womankind is impure. He who trusts to a woman trusts to a thief." In the days of Hesiod there were no reading ladies, or there was no Lynch law. Herodotus attributes all the wars of the Greeks to women. Æschylus has a fling at the ladies; and the divine Plato has the bad taste to say, that in the future life degenerate men will be changed into women—"vicious men, and those who have been unjust during life, are, according to every probability, changed into women by a second birth." Let the sinner take heed to his ways, or he will walk into a corset. Euripides, who ought to have known better, exclaims; "O Jupiter, wherefore hast thou created under the sun these plagues to men—the womankind?" Menander knew better when he said, "Woman by nature is unbridled and ferocious;" and Alexis was a blockhead when he penned the lines, "There is no animal so impudent as a woman." The Romans cared too little about the ladies to say much of them. It was all right so long as the wife sat at home and span—*domi mansit, lanam fecit*. Pacuvius fibs where he says: "It is not an easy matter to find a good woman." Old Cato, the bitter-tongued, says of a coquettish woman that she is "a ferocious and untameable animal." What knew old Cato about the matter? Quintus Cicero has a distich to this effect: "Confide thy bark to the winds; but confide not thy heart to a beautiful woman, for the waves are less perfidious than a woman's faith." Codrus, a century before this Cicero, vented an awful falsehood: "There are fewer stars in the skies than there are deceptions in the breast of woman." Ovid we pass by. He was such an habitual fabulist that we can never trust him in regard to facts. Juvenal, of course, had many hard things to say

of the sex. He lived in the days of imperial mud and slime literary. He bespatters men no less than women. Ladies painted and pomaded, and, saith he, "The husband who kisses his wife greases his lips." We shall not dabble in this man's puddles. Deschanel winds up his list of abominations perpetrated in the Latin language by two lines which he found last summer, written upon the fair white wall of a summer-house, at Spa, whereupon scribblers are forbidden to write—lines as false in fact as in quantity:

Quid penna levius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Muller. Quid mullere? Nihil.
What is lighter than a feather? Dust.
What is lighter than the dust? The wind.
What is lighter than the wind? Woman.
What is lighter than woman? Nothing.

The Fathers! We shall let the Fathers rest in their sepulchres. Woman in their eyes were as sour grapes. Saint Anthony, among the saints, could not say, Get thee behind me! to a fair face. It is fortunate for humanity to know that even the saints have their weaknesses. The Troubadours, with all their gallantry, could not help saying evil things of the ladies now and then; but the Orientalists had no excuse for spitting their venom, women in the East having always been so tractable. Says a legend, Adam, when God created him, sneezed the instant his soul entered his body; Eve did the same. By the sneeze of the man was generated a lion; by the sneeze of the woman, a cat. The lion represents, of course, courage and magnanimity; the cat is sly and lax in her conduct. But to return to the West. Jean de Meung, one of the two poets of the *Roman de la Rose*, wrote ungraciously of dames and demoiselles. They seized and threatened to soundly horsewhip him. "Eh bien?" said the jaunty poet, "she who is without sin among you shall lay on the first lash!" The poet saved his skin—so says the history; but history so often appears before us decapitated, and then it is a story. "You cannot be ignorant, good reader," says our author, "how the gentle Margaret, the sister of Francis I., the friend of Clément Marot, defines her *Heptaméron*. 'It is,' says she, 'a collection of all the tricks played by women upon their husbands and their lovers.' Ah, Margaret, Margaret! thus to speak evil of thy sex; as if we of the *he* gender had not our *ruess* and wiles and arts, worthy of infinite condemnation! Saith our authority:—

The French juriconsults of the Middle Ages advance singular statements respecting the nature of woman and her imperfections. There is nothing, they say, that easier moulds and renews itself than the heart of a woman. Women are avaricious. They are violent in their will. They do exactly the contrary of what you wish them to do. They are reputed to be false, and, according to the civil law, a woman cannot be witness to a will.

Who cares about musty-fusty old juriconsults and their opinions?

Thomas Sibilet, in his *Rimes en echo*, has written four lines, which he might just as well have put his pen through after he had written them:—

Répondez, Echo, eh, bien que tu sois femme.—Femme!
Die la vérité; qui fit mordre la femme?—Femme!
Qui est la chose au monde plus infâme?—Femme.
Qui plus engendre à l'homme de défame?—Femme!

To go back to the sixteenth century, one Jean Bodin, who was no conjurer, much as he pretended to know of the hidden arts, in his work on sorcerers, entitled *La Demonomanie*, has the impudence to say, "The testimony of two women is worth only one man's testimony;" and farther, to heighten his temerity, "Women are commonly more guilty of sorcery and demoniacal practices than men; add to this, that Satan by means of women, drag men and children into his net." Rabelais! We have nothing to say to Rabelais. Montaigne says nothing pleasant. Malherbe spoils a compliment. "There are but two lovely things in the world," he writes, "women and roses; and there are but two tit-bits in the world, women and melons." "Comparisons," says Dogberry, "are odorous." "Fi! . . ." writes the Frenchman—"Ce grand poète normand était bien matérialiste"—undoubtedly, we must say, when he classes a woman with a pumpkin. De Scudéry, and the fair sinner Ninon de l'Enclos, are placed in the witness-box to bear testimony hostile to their kind; but we prudently decline to listen to them. Molière satirised women. It was his trade. His was a nature too genial to hate them; if he lied against them, he lied professionally and in jest. La Bruyère has written a chapter *Des Femmes*. It is easiest to write on that about which we

know the least. Hence Bruyère:—"Women are extremes; they are better or worse than men. Most women are devoid of principle; they are guided by the heart, and depend for their morals on those who love them. It is because of women that women do not love"—and much more, which we do not choose to put into English. To come to modern times. Alphonse Karr publishes the libel, "Two women are never friends except to ruin a third." Charles Nodier—who, depend upon it, takes much care of his moustache and cravat—sins in this manner: "It has been remarked, that of all animals, cats, dogs, and women are those who lose most time at their toilette." Théophile Gautier—pshaw: we must not listen to Théophile. Jules Janin implicates by words. Octave Feuillet slanders: "A pretty woman is pretty for a year, perhaps for two years; but after the third what grace do you see in her face?" No more. We replace *Le Mal qu'on a dit des femmes* in our wallet, and shall wait to know of *Le Bien qu'on a dit des femmes*.

Next we draw forth an odd volume of a work by M. Saint-Marc Girardin—*Cours de Littérature dramatique*. We are bound in duty to attend to Saint-Marc. He values our own dramatists. He reveres Shakspeare. The author speaks as much from the pulpit as from the stage. He discovers human nature in the pit and boxes, yea, in the gallery among the small gods. His ideas of humanity are not derived from the drama alone. He does not savour of the oil of the foot-lamps; and his voice, grave and classic, is heard above the din of the orchestra. We replace him in our wallet, for he must be read in the chamber; not under those beeches that keep wink-wink-wink against the blue heavens, making one lose the line at every instant. He does not preach from the text of Solomon—"All is vanity and vexation;" but he says, addressing young folks:—

You wish to marry, do you, and you wish to find the man or the woman who would undertake to make the matter pleasant for you as a mere matter of trade, they having their per-centage. You deceive yourself, my young friend, and I shall show you a more excellent way. Seek of God! Address yourself to him. He will never deceive you. But how to speak to God; how tell him what I desire? Ah! It is true, if you have only to say to God what the world of this world ordinarily desire: I wish a rich wife, of good family—one who will make my way in the world—then, oh then, it is difficult to speak to God. But if you wish to marry through honest sentiments purely, and not for greed; if you desire to love and not to jest; if you would have a woman who loves and who honours you, and not a woman who would enrich you—a woman worthy of being the mother of your children, and not a woman who would present you with a fine carriage, and provide you with a good table; then fear not to address yourself to God. He loves an honest heart, and often he rewards it; for he says: Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.

We shall say, at any risk, that French poetry—verse we mean—is not, as a rule, worth reading. Lamartine we except; Victor Hugo we except; Alfred Busquet we do not except. *Les Heures*, poem, may be read in the hay-field, or by the sea-shore, by any one who has an hour to spare.

We read in our contemporary, *L'Athénæum Français*, a periodical of great merit, and to which we have often been indebted:—

Madame Emile de Girardin died on Saturday last (1st July). At a future time we shall devote ourselves to appreciate, as they merit, her fine and distinguished talents. Mademoiselle Delphine Gay was born at Aix-la-Chapelle about 1805. Her first literary undertaking was marked with success. In 1822 she presented to the French Academy verses which had honourable mention. Three years afterwards she composed a few lines upon the death of General Foy, the two last lines of which were engraven upon his tomb-stone:—

Hélas! an cri plaintif jeté par la patrie,
C'est la première fois, qu'il n'a pas répondu.

On the 16th April 1827 she was solemnly admitted as a member of the Academy of the Tibere, at the Capitol.

Madame de Girardin was a popular writer, in prose and verse. She contributed to a variety of popular works; but her charming articles in the feuilletons of *La Presse* have brought her most under notice.

Consorting, in imagination, with wood nymphs and water nymphs, who don't sing as sweetly as in days gone by, what business have the Zouaves here? Here they are, however—as another item of our wallet. *Les Zouaves et les Chasseurs à pied*. Singular gen-

tleman are these Zouaves; cat-like; soft of foot; dexterous; thievish, if you give them the chance. A cat, we believe, is their emblem. They wear it on their caps and knapsacks. This name, now so popular, comes from the Arabic word *Zouava*. "They are," we read, "a tribe, or rather a confederation of Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the remote gorges of the Jurjura mountains—a fine race of men, intrepid, laborious, whose submission to the Turk was never but nominal; but well known at Algiers, where they constantly appeared, to exchange their oils and raw produce for the goods that their poor mountains failed to yield them. As they had the reputation of being the best foot-soldiers in the regency, and as in certain cases they had hired their military services to barbarian princes, their name was given to the new militia." If we are not mistaken, this is the reprint of an article which appeared in a recent number of the *Revue de deux Mondes*.

The day descends: our wallet is far from empty. Arcadia is still pleasant. The hart comes down to lave of the cool brook. The slanting sun, making inroad of the vista, casts long shadows. Dews settle upon our darling flowers. The beetle comes forth with his heavy drone, and bangs, like a blind stupid, against our beaver. The nightingale begins to sing just about the time that sensible people go to bed. Chirrup come from the hedges. Little mice admonish their offspring in small squeakings—faint and pleasant. The ploughboy—plague take the ploughboy; he is all corduroy now, and has no whistle—he winds his way to some home—not the curly-headed young rascal of days gone by, but a bacon-chewing, bread-devouring, flesh-and-blood representative of the ploughboy of the present.

Germany stutters; Italy whispers. The one is a raven; the other a starling. It is surely not wishing too much, if we should wish for a silver sapphire, to cut the tongues of the two adroitly. Beyond remnants of bread and cheese, we have still a decent meal in the wallet, which we shall be ready to share with any comer—even the bird-scaring boy in corduroy.

Foreign Books recently published.

(Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.)

FRANCE.

- La robe de Nessus*. 16mo. Paris. "Librairie nouvelle."
Amédée Achard. 1s.
Chants historiques de la Flandre, 1400—1650. Louis de Baeker. 8vo. Lille. 5s.
Le Gentilhomme campagnard. Charles de Bernard. 2 vols. 18mo. Paris. 6s.
Amour et Philosophie. Poésies. Mme. Claire Bruneau. 18mo. Paris.
La fille du marchand. Fragment de la vie privée. Imité de l'Anglais. Philartète Chasles. 16mo. Paris. 1s.
Voyage en Turquie et en Perse, exécuté par ordre du gouvernement français pendant les années 1846, 1847, et 1848. Tome I. Xavier Hommaire de Hell. 8vo. Paris.
De l'étude des langues. Première partie: premiers principes d'éducation, avec leur application spéciale à l'étude des langues. C. Marcel. 8vo. Paris.
Histoire de France, depuis les temps les plus reculés, jusqu'en 1789. Tome VI., quatrième édition. Henri Martin. Paris. 5s.
Excursion archéologique dans la Bourgogne septentrionale. Mignard. 8vo. Dijon.
La tante Jeanne, comédie en un acte, en prose. Marc Mourrier. 18mo. Paris.
Les buveurs d'eau. Henry Murger. 18mo. Paris. 3s.
Etudes sur l'école française. 1831—1853. Peinture et Sculpture. Gustave Planche. 2 vols. 18mo. Paris. 6s.
Histoire du Bas-Empire depuis l'avènement de Constantin le Grand jusqu'à la prise de Constantinople par Mahomet II. A. de Salvandy. 2nd edit. Tomes I. et II. 2nd vol. 12mo. Paris.
Statistique de la France. Publiée par le ministre de l'Agriculture, du commerce et des travaux publics. Deuxième série: Territoire et population. Tome II. Grand 4to.
Les Zouaves et les chasseurs à pied. Esquisses historiques. Nouvelle édition. 16mo. Paris. 1s.
Historia diplomatica Frederici secundi, sive constitutiones, privilegia, mandata, etc. Auspiciis et sumptibus H. de Albertis de Luyne. J. L. A. Huillard-Bréholles. Tomus IV. Paris II. 4to. 16s.

GERMANY.

- Die deutsche Nationalliteratur*. ("German National Literature.") K. Barthel. 8vo. Brunswick.
Geheime Geschichten. (Dramatic Works.) F. Bülow. 12mo. Leipzig.

Aus dem Volk für das Volk. (The voice of the people described by the people. Town and country history of Lower Germany.) J. Brickman. 16mo. Güstrow.

Friedrich Jacob. (Life and labours of F. J., Director of the Catherineum at Lubeck.) J. Classen. 8vo.

Bernhard von Weimar. (A tragedy in five acts.) W. Genast. 8vo. Weimar.

Dramatische Werke. ("Dramatic Works.") R. Griepenger. 8vo. Weimar.

Bucher-Lexicon. ("Dictionary of Books.") Heinsius. 4to. Leipzig.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, July 12.

"DEATH's shafts fly thick," not only on the fatal heights and bloody ravines of Sebastopol, where the noble veteran Somerset, and so many other illustrious victors, sleep their last in a distant but glorious grave—

Where Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Shall fondly deck their hallow'd mould;
And Honour, like a pilgrim grey,
Shall bless the turf that wraps their clay."

But their names will stand on the glorious roll of England's heroes, honoured and mourned by their country's gratitude. These belong to history. I have to touch on other and humbler names, but yet not without some claim to a quiet nook in the records of the day.

The obituary of the last few weeks includes the names of two distinguished women; one, Madame de la Valette—who has very long been dead to the world—the wife of the late Count de la Valette, condemned to death under the Bourbons after the Hundred Days, like Ney and Labedoyère; but who escaped from prison through the devoted exertions of his noble wife, with whom he exchanged clothes, and was afterwards enabled to reach the frontier by the generous aid of our countrymen Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson (the late Lord Donoughmore). The devoted wife's fortitude and presence of mind never for one moment forsok her in the anxious moment of her husband's danger, during his concealment in Paris, and the trial of the three gallant Englishmen to whom he was indebted for his safety. But the trial was too great—the overstrained bonds of powers gave way almost immediately afterwards—and the pardoned husband returned only to find the intellect of his noble and beautiful wife shrouded in hopeless night. She was unconscious of his return, and even of the presence of him for whom she had suffered so much. The Count died some years ago; and the obituary of last month reminds the world, which had long forgotten the heroic wife and her sufferings, that Mdme. de la Valette had ceased to exist.

The second death is that of a lady who has filled a much more conspicuous place in the literary circles, Mme. de Girardin, a highly accomplished and elegant writer, who, without reaching the highest rank, was very much above the crowd of poetasters and scribblers who contrive to obtain celebrity in Paris.

Mlle. Rachel is decidedly going to America; but before her departure she has determined not to allow her former lieges to fly from her shrine to that of La Ristori, without making at least one effort to bring them back to their allegiance. For this purpose, she demanded and readily obtained permission to give a series of farewell representations at the Français. As to her Transatlantic expedition, it appears that it is to be a concern somewhat after the fashion of the "happy family," the grande tragédienne having taken the opportunity of providing for her family *en bloc*, as they say here—M. Raphael Felix, her brother, being the director, and the *seconde donne* being her four sisters. Rachel herself is to receive 1,200,000 francs for the campaign, plus 80,000 francs in the shape of benefit (51,200!)—plus 5000 francs per month for her lodging, &c. The others are to be in proportion; thus—Mlle. Sarah Felix is to have 60,000 francs, Mlle. Lia 60,000, and Mlle. Dinah 50,000! From this specimen it is needless to add, the travelling expenses, &c., &c. are to be on the most liberal scale, the whole amounting to no less a sum than 2,554,000 francs (102,160!).

The literary world presents a perfect blank; the few new books on record hardly deserving any notice beyond a caution to the reader against opening, unless in want of an opiate. First in the list comes *Les Heures*, a volume of 300 pages of bucolic poetry, by a Mr. Busquet. As a specimen of the book's contents, we may say that he recommends, as a cure for some cattle disease,

Qu'un diamant soit pilé
Et mêlé
Ensemble avec la saumée!

This example is sufficient to show Mr. Busquet's attainments, both poetical and agricultural—*l'un vaut l'autre*. M. Feujère's *Etude sur Agrippa d'Aubigné* is interesting, under an antiquarian point of view, but requires strong determination to get through its leaden style. Of *Le Mal qu'on dit des Femmes*, by M. Deschanel, I can say nothing good; *per contra*, of *Le Bien qu'on dit des Femmes*, I can say *du mal*. The subject was good and interesting, but has been simply massacred by the author, who, however, has

done service by calling attention to a subject which more able hands will no doubt handle with a more masterly grasp.

A frightful case of hydrophobia is described in the Lyons journals, which, if the facts are correctly stated, would go to prove that this fatal malady can remain in the system as long as four years without development—a much longer period, I believe, than has ever been authentically shown to have taken place between the injury and its consequences; but there is some doubt as to the real nature of the disease, though unfortunately none as to the dreadful catastrophe which took place. A young farmer named Peyron, about twenty-five years of age, in the department of the Rhine, was married a few weeks ago to a neighbour's daughter. The young couple had been long attached to each other; but the parents of the bride had refused their consent on account of strangeness of conduct occasionally observed in the young man, who otherwise was a most eligible match, his parents being comparatively well off, and the son himself generally of exemplary good conduct. His passion for the girl became at length so violent that he declared he could not exist without her, and his mother, fearing from his manner that he meditated suicide, went to the parents of the young woman, and, after some entreaty, prevailed upon them to agree to the match. Young Peyron at once recovered his spirits, the young woman was delighted, and the marriage was celebrated with all the rustic pomp and ceremony common in that part of the provinces, concluding with a grand dinner and the inevitable ball. The gaieties were kept up until daylight, when the company separated. The newly-married couple were lodged in one wing of the farmhouse, separate from the main building; but, in some time after they had retired, cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. At first they were unnoticed; but at length they increased to fearful shrieks, and the father and mother, alarmed, hastened to the room, followed by the farm-servants. The cries were by the time they arrived changed to scarcely audible groans from the poor girl; and, on breaking open the door, she was found in the agonies of death—her bosom torn open and lacerated in the most horrible manner, and the wretched husband in a fit of raving madness and covered with blood, having actually devoured a portion of the unfortunate girl's breast. A cry of horror burst forth from all present, and he was dragged from the room after a most violent resistance, it taking no less than six men to hold him down. Aid was instantly sent for, but before the doctor could reach the spot the unhappy victim was no more. Young Peyron was put under treatment, and a strait-waistcoat was attempted to be put upon him; but his struggles and screams were such that the doctor, apprehensive lest he should expire in the assistant's hands, that he ordered them to desist. The unfortunate man had by this time become so weak that he was easily conveyed to bed, and died at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day without having for one moment recovered his consciousness. It was then recollected, in answer to searching questions by a physician, that somewhere about five years previously he had been bitten by a strange dog, and taken the usual precautions against hydrophobia. But, although the dog was killed, it had never been satisfactorily shown that it was really mad; and, no ill consequences resulting from the bite, his friends concluded that it would come to nothing, and the incident had been altogether forgotten. It was considered by the doctor that the circumstances preceding the marriage and the excitement of the occasion itself had roused the latent virus, which had so long lain dormant in the blood, and led to the terrible outbreak of frenzy which had ended so tragically. On the medical report being laid before the authorities, the extraordinary nature of the case naturally excited much attention and considerable controversy—the opinions of the heads of the profession being, after full inquiry, that there was no hydrophobia whatever in the case, but rooted insanity, and that it was shown to exist by the occasional aberrations of the unfortunate young man, as before mentioned; and that his diseased temperament and too violent passions, powerfully acted on by the circumstances, led to the fatal consequences narrated above. This sad catastrophe has given rise to a fierce medical controversy in some of the professional journals on the nature of hydrophobia, from which it would appear that, although instances of remarkable cures of this frightful malady, are often described in the journals, no authenticated account of its favourable termination is yet known in France.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Etruscan Monuments—(continued).

RETURNING from Civitavecchia, after my excursion thence to Tarquinii, I left the high road to take a short cut across the field to Cervetri, a distance of about four miles. The only guide whose services could be procured in this little inhabited region was a *cantoniere*, one of the men who live in straw huts on the wayside, employed by Government for the repair of roads. A

wild-looking bronze-coloured individual he was, with black sheep-skin leggings, and other strange details of costume frequently seen in these parts, of aspect, moreover, so brigand-like, that my first impulse was to put out of sight a watch-chain on finding myself alone under his escort, in a solitary common, with no dwelling in sight except a large obsolete farmhouse, on the summit of an eminence, amid slopes of cultivated ground and plains abandoned to pasturage, where droves of grey oxen and the savage-looking buffalo were grazing—a treeless, viewless, monotonous, but not unpicturesque landscape. Getting into conversation, however, with my companion, I found him a good sort of fellow, and learnt some details of his family history and his birthplace, Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, whence, he informed me, almost all the poor hard-working men of his class in the vicinity had migrated. So true is it, that the best way to study and ingratiate oneself with mankind is to treat all as honest and estimable, till indubitably proved to be the reverse. Cervetri stands finely on a long steep ridge, extending into the plain like a natural bastion from the foot of those boldly-formed mountains, which, though not lofty, present a striking series of outlines to the traveller along the west of the lone Maremma. The town appears more picturesque the nearer we approach, and offers one of the finest examples of those naturally fortified positions which the Etruscans almost always chose for their cities—like Veii, Civitacastellana, and others not far distant from Rome. But "Cære Vetue" (corrupted into Cervetri) is the representative of a city referred to antiquity far beyond the Etruscans, and a period at least thirteen centuries and a half before our era. "It is (we read in 'Murray's Guide') the Agylla of the Pelasgi and the Cære of the Etruscans, celebrated as the capital of Mezentius when Æneas arrived in Italy." Greek writers before the Augustan age give it the former, and all Latin writers, except occasionally the poets when the trisyllable is more suitable for metre, the latter designation. Dionysius mentions it as one of the chief cities of Etruria in the time of Tarquinius Priscus. Strabo refers the origin of its name to the Greek salutation *χαίρει*, with which the Lydians, when they invaded these shores, were hailed by the Pelasgi from the walls of this town—a fantastic etymology: much more certain than which is the derivation, from this name itself, of a word passed into most European languages, through the Latin *cæremonia*, sprung from the circumstance that the Romans were first initiated in the mysteries of a more complex and hierarchic system of religion than their own had primitively been by the priests of Cære. Entering this now obscure and deserted town about the hour of noon, I found it almost lifeless; for at this period of the day, when labourers were still in the fields, hardly any except females and children remained to be seen of the population in these rude and silent streets. The houses are many of them without glazed windows, and the outline of the town is described by an ellipse of stone buildings, following a circuit of fortifications, of which, however, only a few fragments in massive stonework here and there remain; while a large ruined castle towers above other objects at the extremity nearest the mountains; and fortified gates, without guards, still form the imposing entrance to this insignificant, but externally most romantic town. I succeeded in finding *Passegeri*, the tobacconist, grocer, and archaeologist, whose capacities as guide have become "of European celebrity," thanks to Murray; but, this man of importance being occupied, I had to content myself with the services of his son, under whose escort I set off for the Necropolis. We passed across the head of the advancing ridge or tongue of land on which the town is placed, without descending into the valley that runs beneath the heights on two sides, forming a species of broad natural moat, at once picturesque, adapted for the security of a fortified place, and presenting advantages to the agriculturist. Beyond this valley, and after reaching an elevation about level with that of the town, we entered a long wild glen, lined by isolated masses of tufo rock, and variously formed mounds, evidently artificial—some overgrown with brushwood, others overshadowed by stately forest-trees: the long grass had evidently been the growth of years, and wild flowers, with bells, cups, and stars of every hue, profusely adorned the carpet spread by nature. Before us spread the range of hills, extending their conical outlines beyond the plains, their acclivities clothed with woods or dusky verdure; no habitation was to be descried, no sound heard; it was a scene of melancholy beauty that favoured a meditative frame of mind, and appeared the most ideally suitable to the contemplation of antiquities preserving the mysterious records of a nation whose only ruins are the tomb. The sepulchres which, in great numbers, open from the rock-boundaries of this glen, are without any modern structure or steps, and for the most part deep below the surface, opening upon excavated hollows, into which one descends with difficulty. Some of these hollows appear to have been outer chambers, or in some degree architectural—at least, to judge from the portions of wall of massive quadrate tufo-blocks. The inspection is far less easy altogether than that of the Tarquinii sepulchres, and the condition of the interiors much worse, the floors being mostly covered with water and mud. Those con-

taining works of art are alone guarded by doors, with locks; the rest, indeed the great majority, left with yawning entrances, revealing their dark caverns, in some instances scarcely accessible. The first into which one is introduced has a vaulted roof, loftier than the generality of those at Tarquinii. On each side the entrance, on the front of the bench of rock carried round the whole chamber for depositing the dead, are bas-reliefs of a wild boar and a panther, designed with spirit and correctness; and round the walls are the dim remains of a series of paintings, apparently a banquet-scene, two heads only being clearly distinguishable, and those in profile, with features of delicate regularity truly Greek. Such banquet-pictures may be representations of the *Parentalia*, or funeral feasts. At all events, they may be considered to agree, in moral and meaning, with the similar subjects so often found in sculpture on sarcophagi of Græco-Roman antiquity. Revels, feasting, the dance and the chase are alike the images collected round the tomb by both systems; whether to veil the terrors of that thought which would force its way amid the most contrasted combinations of pleasure and beauty,

Felt, e'en when discover'd, a presence and a power; or because the human mind, shrinking from the anticipations of a religion powerless to console, could only seek relief in looking backwards to life's enjoyments, not forwards to a brighter future. The testimony of ancient writers represents to us the Etruscans as at once voluptuous and superstitious, indolent in enterprise, impetuous in the pursuit of pleasure. Thus in the *Æneid* are reproached the "semper inertes Tyrrheni," for their slothfulness in war, whilst in ignoble contests ever ready:

At non in Venerem sequens
Aut ubi curva choros indiscit tibia Bacchi
Expectare dapes, et plenis pocula mensæ:
Hic amor, hoc studium: dum sacra secundus aruspex
Nunciet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos.

Twice every day were the higher classes, at least, of Etruria assembled at the banquet, reclining before tables spread with every luxury, their brows wreathed with flowers, and slaves in attendance, either for serving the viands, performance of music, or the dance, as we find so often depicted in the tombs.

The second tomb one enters is called "Grotta delle Iscrizione," from the multitude of inscriptions painted in red or black, or scratched round its walls. It is small and low; but a flight of eight steps leads hence into another chamber much larger, 35 feet square, supported by two heavy pillars or square piers: the floor is almost entirely under water, and in the profound darkness it is difficult to distinguish by taper-light the inscriptions which also surround these walls; on different parts in these two chambers the name "Tarchius" (the Etruscan form of Tarquin) has been counted no less than forty times, proving the nationality of that celebrated family beyond doubt. Another tomb has an inner part like a sanctuary, divided off from the outer by two fluted pilasters; and two square pillars, with similar large flutings, support the ceiling and its centre. All around are benches, or raised couches of stone, for bodies, which evidently must have lain across the width of these elevations, with the feet towards the wall, from the semicircular recesses cut in the stone for the heads, all turned towards the centre of this chamber. Extremely curious are the sarcophagi and recumbent statues in another tomb, three of which sarcophagi are of alabaster, shown to be diaphanous by the introduction of a taper through circular apertures in the front. The two others are of stone, and support recumbent figures of life-size, the style of drapery and execution in which has led to the inference that they belong to an antiquity more remote than the Etruscans. One is lying flat on the back, the other turned on the left side towards the wall, like a person in slumber; both have stiffly curled hair and beard, on which, as well as on the face of one, the traces of red paint are clearly distinguished. The dress of both is worn away into little else than a rounded surface of stone; the arms and hands, rudely sculptured, have retained their proportions; the feet are partially preserved, with the figures of couchant hounds (or other small animals) on which they are resting, precisely as we see in the monumental sculptures of the Middle Ages. There is in these strange solemn forms a character that strikes with awe, naturally enhanced by the knowledge of their scarce calculable antiquity. They unquestionably represent a religious idea or credence essentially different from that conveyed in the more common sepulchral figures of Etruscan Art, where the deceased is effigied in the attitude of repose, or reclining at the banquet, with a goblet in one hand, to symbolise (as Dennis and others conclude) the sensuously imagined state of bliss, as one of perennial feasting, which was all the Etruscan *Elysium* could promise. Thus it is that Horace imagines Augustus at the beatific banquet among heroes and sages—

Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit aure vinum.

On the front of the elevation supporting these sarcophagi are figures of wild beasts, apparently a scene of chase, very spirited in design.

One of the most perfectly preserved in detail and most curious among all the tombs, is surrounded by couches in deep recesses, each with two cushions for

the head, skilfully carved in stone. On the cornices above the recesses, and on the sides of two square columns that support the ceiling in the centre, are numerous reliefs, sharply chiselled, and all untouched by decay, of weapons, and various implements domestic and agricultural; the same subjects repeated, in each instance, over the places of sepulture, namely, short swords (horizontal), greaves and bucklers; on the columns, the implements of the kitchen or the field, among which is a peculiarly formed axe set in a frame, pulleys, slings, and variously-shaped vessels. These reliefs tend more to throw light on the attainment of the Etruscans in mechanic art, than any others extant that I am aware of. I believe no account of them has yet been made public, and that this tomb is among the more recently discovered by the Marquis Campana. At this moment I cannot refer to Mr. Dennis's work; but, to the best of my recollection, no notice of it is there supplied, while we may feel assured that its remarkable contents would have been fully detailed and speculated on by that intelligent writer. Mr. Ainsley, who visited the Cervetri sepulchres at the same time, has assured me that the one in question certainly was not open or seen by either on that occasion.

The other tombs that gape in the surface of the rock, without doors, have ingresses too low, in many instances, to be entered. These rocky elevations, of picturesquely irregular form, present a few traces of architecture on the natural surface in sculptured lines and grooves like the details of cornices. At the end of this singular valley of tombs, I saw eight or nine labourers at work on excavations carried on exclusively at the expense of the Marquis Campana, and prosecuted here, more or less, every year. They had recently formed many openings, cutting to depth about corresponding to that of the sepulchral chambers, but in only one of them had succeeded in reaching the entrance to a tomb, out of which they were now emptying bucketsfull of muddy yellow water. A few fragments of terra cotta vessels, with decorative painting but no figures, were the only objects lately discovered, that I could see; but I was informed that articles of greater value were kept secret, and speedily transmitted to Rome. The Etruscan Museum of Campana is, next to that of the Vatican, the most precious and varied in contents. I have seen it previously to the division, effected within recent years, if the multifarious collection possessed by this distinguished connoisseur, into two separate museums—the Roman, mostly of sculptures, now dispersed over the halls and gardens of a beautiful villa, formed expressly to receive them, near to the Lateran; and the Etruscan, in the private residence of the Marquis. The amiable and beautiful English lady whom he has lately married now, I believe, uses some of the most exquisitely wrought specimens of gold in this collection for personal adornment. From this extremity of the Necropolis I descended into the glen, below the town, and here found myself suddenly in a lovely scene of different and far more cheerful character, such as idyllic poetry might have peopled with its happy creations, as might remind one of the melodiously chiming descriptions of pastoral nature by Garcilasso or Sannazzaro.

The most pictorially combined features of rocky steep and pastoral slopes, groves of ilex and poplar, vineyards and orchards, were here united to fascinate. Hay-makers were at their now nearly completed work in the fields, and blithely singing; habitations there were none in the secluded vale; but beyond the limits of the valley was desecrated the town, with its ruined castle occupying the lofty ridge in isolation that had an aspect of feudal grandeur. On returning to Cervetri I found the acceptable refreshment of a sweet wine from the Marches of Anconia (a description of luxury less common in Italy since the late ravages of the grape-blight). I took occasion to inform myself respecting the inhabitants of this forlorn semi-barbarous looking place, where, within twenty-seven miles from Rome, the possession of one of the most valuable series of antiquities in the world has so little contributed to any social advantages, and where, though an establishment exists pretending to the character of an inn, the renowned English *vademecum* has benevolently recommended tourists to take their provisions with them should they think of lodging there! I was told that, at the present season of agricultural labour, which called many to a distance, only about 100 were actually residents within these walls, and only seventy-four families are counted here at the maximum. Where might one ask, could that luxurious Pontiff, Leo X., have possibly found accommodation and amusement in this *triste* little town? Yet here, we are told, he frequently spent the months of September and October, after the marriage of his sister to Francisco Cibo, who had become the owner of Cervetri by purchase from the Della Rovere family. The pleasures of the chase, abundantly supplied by the wild unclosed lands in this neighbourhood, seem to have been the only attraction for the Medici Pope. The diplomas of Ludovico Pius, of Otto the Great, and Henry II., show that Cere was a place of importance from the early part of the ninth to the eleventh century; and in the latter years of the tenth century we find it occupied by Benedict, father of the famous prefect of Rome, Crescentius, who, however, ceded it to Otto III in 996, when that

Emperor was on his way to Rome—father hoping thus to propitiate in favour of the son, whose domination over the Papal city, from the Castle of S. Angelo, was soon to be overthrown, with bloody retribution, by the imperial intervention. From the beginning of the eleventh century Cere began rapidly to decline; and early in the thirteenth a portion of its inhabitants established themselves on the summit of a tufa rock within the territory, giving to their colony the name "Cere Novum;" hence "Cere Vetus" became a designation of the ancient city. About 1470 this place passed from the feudal dominion of the Venturini family, under the immediate dependence of the Holy See.

The palace of Prince Ruspoli, proprietor of almost the entire district, is a conspicuous edifice, though bleak and haunted-house-like, on an eminence outside the town; and a little church, with a monastery of Augustinians, forms a pretty object, among trees, near the old castle. I chanced to make acquaintance with one of the native proprietors, who told me he had frequently discovered objects of value on his estate, and that, some years ago, his workmen had dug up a gold fillet of leaves, similar to those ornaments for the head so admired in Etruscan collections, with other jewels of gold, which he had disposed of. Without interested motives, he was so obliging as to desire my acceptance of one of these antiques—a small gem, suited for setting in a ring, with the figure of a warrior minutely and distinctly out. Leaving the town again with my guide, I descended towards the sea-coast by a road winding among corn-fields, and, striking out into one of these, walked a few hundred yards through the luxuriant crop to visit the tomb called "Regulini-Galassi," from an archpriest of the former and a general of the latter name, who discovered it in 1836. The discovery of this led to much speculation among savans, and Canina has ascribed to it an antiquity of at least 3000 years, assuming it to have been constructed in honour of some chief ("Lucumo"), slain in war. Well may the mind be imbued with awe as we enter this sanctuary of death, considering that its rock-hewn architecture may have existed, and probably its warrior-tenant laid on his trophied bed, whilst Achilles and Hector were combating before Troy! It is a low narrow chamber, sixty feet in length, with sides and roof vaulted, but flattened at the highest part, and hewn to a smooth surface in the rock, precisely similar (I am informed) in these respects to the tombs at Arpino and other cities of Pelagic origin. It is entered and passed through not without uneasiness, the floor being encumbered by earth and stones, the ingress so low as to require stooping. In a recess, like a lair, opening out of the rock on one side, were found the couch, and numerous vessels of bronze, now at the Vatican, and, strewn about in the vicinity, that precious collection of golden ornaments, displaying so advanced an attainment in the goldsmith's art, which form the chief attraction of that museum. No paintings have been discovered here, and the objects of art being all removed, this celebrated tomb is left without the security of a door; so that one may fear the possibility of its finally becoming inaccessible, choked up by rubbish, or destroyed by wanton injury. A most gloomy and suspicious-looking chamber it is, in twilight obscurity, like a scene to be chosen for evil deeds, or haunted by the perpetrators of such. As in most of these sepulchres, a deadly chill reigns here; so that the return to the fervid sunshine is like entering a warm bath.

I should have wished to prosecute my inspections further, and visit other tombs more distant from Cervetri; but fatigue made itself felt, and prudence required hearing. In the impossibility of obtaining a horse or vehicle, I was walking under the burning rays of a southern sun, on the 31st May, in one of the most malaria-infected regions of the Roman Maremma. I had to abandon, therefore, with regret the visit to those sepulchres between two and three miles distant from this spot, among which is that called the "Grotta Torlonia," covered by a mound, and divided into three compartments—where, though evidently plundered in past ages, the bodies of the dead were found on their couches, soon to crumble into dust on the admission of air, when the tomb was opened, some years ago, on the Torlonia estate. Mr. Ainsley, an accomplished artist, whose illustrations of all the Etruscan sites, which he visited in company with Mr. Dennis, are so admirable, has since told me that on visiting this tomb he found it so filled with water that it was only by causing himself to be carried on the shoulders of a stalwart guide he could reach the circumambient platform for sarcophagi, in order to sketch the interior.

Under the necessity of abstaining from this and other explorings, I left the district of Cervetri for the solitary walk across fields and uplands of about five miles, which yet remained for me before refreshment and repose at the sea-side inn of Palo.

Since returning to Rome, I have learnt that excavations recently effected at Villanuova, near Bologna, under the direction of Signor Gazzadina, an archaeologist of reputation, have brought to light an Etruscan necropolis, and, among antique remains exhumed at an early stage of these works, several bronze vases, which the above-named gentleman assumes to be of the time of Numa—therefore of antiquity not less than twenty-five centuries.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

AN interesting experiment, carried out by Dr. Guy at King's College Hospital, shows a curious analogy between what is commonly called chance and the operations of the human will. The result of these experiments has been brought under the notice of the Institute of Actuaries. The Doctor took the attendances of 1000 men and women from the hospital books, in forty successive groups of twenty-five facts each. This process showed that 369 men attended as out-patients to 631 women. Now, substituting black and white peas for these numbers relatively, he placed them in a bag, and performed two different experiments in drawing them out. On comparing then, that is, the hospital abstracts with these two experiments, there appeared no less than eighteen triple and twenty-five double coincidences—a sufficient number to justify the trial. Again, taking 5000 cases in groups of fifty facts each, of which 172 were of pulmonary consumption, and 4828 of other diseases, and again substituting the peas for these numbers relatively, the hospital cases and the two drawings gave several remarkable, though not exact coincidences—sufficient, however, to qualify him in asserting that there is reason to believe that a marked analogy exists between the aggregate effects of the operations of the human will, and the results ordinarily attributed to chance; or, in other words, between the moral and physical operations of the world.

The valuation of Government securities is a subject which has lately occupied the attention of actuaries. And as the necessities of the war and the probable adoption of a decimal system may introduce new elements in monetary transactions, some permanent basis of valuation seems to be required. In private loans money is borrowed for a specific time, and is repayable under notice; and counter security also of professedly greater value is required. In a public loan there is no specific security, and instead of the repayment under notice or in a certain time the power of transfer is given, thus rendering a Government loan subject to conditions differing from those of a private loan. A paper relative to this subject was lately read before the Institute of Actuaries by Mr. E. J. Farren, who, making a review of the entire system of public loans, showed that there were at the present time four different methods of valuation, which might be thus characterised: "The purchase price," "the selling price," "the interest price," and "the average price" methods. To the last Mr. Farren inclines, limiting the time term to "a quarter's" average. In terminable annuities the price of the day is the only available method; for while one minister justifies a full tax upon terminable annuities, to be extended to three years only, another considers himself justified in taking the full assessment or its double in perpetuity. Such ministerial vagaries, therefore, entirely preclude the establishment of any principle of valuation.

A report from the Admiralty "Register of Wrecks" shows that the number of vessels wrecked and lives lost has been greater during the past than the previous year; 987 vessels having been lost in 1854, being 155 more, and 1549 lives, being 560 more, than in 1853. Of the wrecks, 350 occurred on the east, 38 on the south, and 164 on the west coast. Sixty-six were wrecked on the coasts of Ireland, five at Scilly, nine on the Channel Islands, nineteen at Shetland and Orkney, and five at the Isle of Man, the remaining 381 wrecks occurring in the surrounding seas. In the course of thirty-one years 9222 lives have been saved by the Life-Boat Institution, which had distributed during that period no less than 92927 in rewards. The number of wrecks and lives lost had already occupied the attention of Government, and harbours of refuge are being formed at Dover, Harwich, Alderney, Jersey, and Portland, at a total cost of 3,368,959*l*. Enormous works were also being carried on to form a breakwater at Holyhead; during five years no less than five million tons of rock, taken from the adjoining mountain, had been deposited; and, when completed, it will be 7000 feet long, inclosing an area of 750 acres. Already have beneficial effects been felt; for, during a fearful gale last January, 100 vessels were able to find safe anchorage within the harbour.

A patent has been lately taken out by Mr. J. Nasmyth, of Patricroft, for a new process of puddling iron, or converting cast into malleable iron, by means of a steam current made to pass through the molten iron. This produced a combined mechanical and chemical action. The force of the current violently agitated or puddled the iron, while, by contact with the molten mass, the steam is decomposed, and the liberated oxygen, combining with a portion of the carbon, passes off in carbonic acid and carbonic oxide gases, and the hydrogen, combining with another portion of the carbon, passed off as carburetted hydrogen. The cost of the pipe which entered into the molten mass was but fifty

shillings, and required only to be renewed in about every ten days. The whole operation was now performed with ease and rapidity in about five minutes, which formerly required from thirty-five to forty minutes with a vast amount of manual labour.

In passing along the north bank of the river, the attention is almost necessarily caught at one point to a monster iron vessel, building at Messrs. Scott Russell's works, for the Eastern Navigation Company. An enormous structure, 675 feet in length, 83 beam, 60 depth of hold, and 30 feet draft of water at load line, to be propelled by side wheels, 60 feet in diameter, and a screw propeller. The weight of the iron alone will be 10,000 tons; the hull will be divided into water-tight compartments of 60 feet each. The vessel when completed is calculated to carry 600 first-class, and 2000 second and third class passengers, and 21,000 tons of coals.

A remarkable discovery has been lately made in the means of transmitting the sounds of the human voice and vocal music through solid conductors. The successful experiments lately carried out by Mr. Pepper at the Polytechnic Institution, in transmitting the sounds of musical instruments through solid conductors, have led to the discovery of a means of attachment between the sound of the voice and the conductor, although the process has not yet been divulged.

Experiments have for some time been made with the view of indurating sandstone; and it is now stated that Sir Roderick Murchison, in the course of experiments at Tunbridge, has succeeded in instantly converting soft stone into a hard and indestructible mass. The value of such a discovery would be great for sculptors, as the difficulty and expense of working on marble would be thus done away with.

M. Herbert has presented to the Ecole Normale a thigh-bone of the large fossil bird of Meudon, lately discovered in the same bed, and at a short distance from the "tibia;" the discovery of which a short time ago created such a sensation. M. Herbert concludes, from the shortness and strength and size of the tibia, as compared with the ostrich, and the greater development of the thigh-bone, that the *Gastornis* would be heavier than the ostrich, and consequently not organised for flying. A supposition is hazarded that the *gastornis*, from the length of its leg, and from its having been web-footed, was an inhabitant of a large fresh-water lake, which, according to geologists, may have existed in the Paris basin before the deposit of the plastic clay.

The Society of "Acclimatization," at Paris, has lately received from China some silkworm eggs, which have been distributed among the silkworm breeders for the purpose of being tried under different conditions. M. le Comte de Beauregard has succeeded in breeding from these eggs, and has pronounced the cocoons to be good, and the tissue fine and strong.

It would appear that the comet discovered simultaneously at Paris and Berlin, on the 4th of June last, is not, as was at first supposed, the celebrated comet of which the last appearance in 1556 determined the abdication of Charles V., and the return of which has been impatiently expected. The motions of the two are different, although it has not been possible yet to calculate the approximate elements of the new star.

M. Dumas, in the name of a commission composed of MM. Royer, Peloué, and himself, in a report lately made, has confirmed the theory of M. Bernard as to sugar-producing functions of the liver, and states that four facts have been established. 1. That the liver of all animals contains a considerable quantity of sugar. 2. That among animals, dogs for instance, fed exclusively on raw flesh, the blood taken from the vena porta before its passage through the liver does not contain any appreciable quantity of sugar. 3. That, under the same conditions, on the contrary, blood taken from the hepatic veins after its passage through the liver contains a considerable quantity of sugar. 4. That in an animal fed on starch, the process of digestion produces sugar in the general circulation of the blood, and it is found even in the vena porta before the passage through the liver. The commission in confirming this discovery considers it to be one of the most brilliant triumphs of modern physiology.

A Committee of the House of Commons is now considering the claims of Captain Maclure to the promised reward as the discoverer of the Northwest passage. When the subject has been already decided by public opinion in this country, and Captain Maclure has already received the gold medal as the memorial of this discovery from the Paris Academy, it seems rather late to be discussing the point. One advantage, however, will no doubt, follow in the distribution of honours and rewards, to all who have been connected with these hazardous undertakings. And Sir R. Murchison, the President of the Geographical Society, has suggested a medal for every officer and man, and the higher honours for Captains Kellet and Collinson, and of course to Captain Maclure.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

On Human Longevity and the Amount of Life upon the Globe. By P. FLOURENS, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, Professor of Comparative Physiology at the Museum of Natural History, Paris, &c. &c. Translated from the French second edition, by CHARLES MARTEL. (London: Baillière, pp. 198. 1855.)—There is a large class of educated men, and of women not a few, who, though unversed in science, are yet strongly inclined to make the study of nature a recreation and a delight. This is a book which such persons may revel in. It proceeds from a man of the highest scientific reputation; and, whatever opinion may be formed of the conclusions drawn by M. Flourens, the facts that he adduces have every claim on our confidence. The work has three distinct sections, embracing as many questions, which have no necessary relation to each other. The first of these is *human longevity*, which occupies three chapters; the second is devoted to the *amount of life upon the globe*, and forms a beautiful and concise view of living nature and its various phenomena; the third part of the work is devoted to the fossil world, or geology. M. Flourens is a great admirer of Cornaro, and expatiates with enthusiasm on his habits and opinions. Like him, he connects longevity with temperance; and, after dwelling almost tediously on the *morale* of the subject, he puts on the philosopher, and in the second chapter, "on old age," starts a bold theory, that the normal life of man is a century; and this he endeavours to demonstrate as follows:—Taking the theory of Buffon, that there is a fixed relation between the period of the growth of an animal and its natural term of life, the author, in attempting to discover—what Buffon could not—some mode of determining the period of the completion of growth, observed that an animal grows until its bones become united with their epiphyses, and no longer. He found this invariably the case in a large number of species of animals which he examined. He also found that in each species, if the animal were not killed, allowing one to represent the period of its growth, five would represent the age to which it usually lived. Thus, the camel is eight years growing, and lives five times eight, or forty years; the horse is five years growing, and lives five times five, or twenty-five years; and so with the rest. In man the union of the bones with the epiphyses takes place at twenty; he then ceases to grow; his natural life, therefore, should be extended to five times twenty, or a hundred years. M. Flourens traces this analogy in the camel, the horse, the ox, the lion, the dog, the cat, the rabbit, and the guinea-pig; and in each instance he observed a corresponding relation to exist between the period of growth and that of the whole life. Buffon, however, says that every animal lives nearly six or seven times as long as the term of his growth. Probably M. Flourens is nearer the truth; but it is remarkable that both these philosophers assign to man a period of ninety or a hundred years as the normal duration of life. That two such sagacious observers should have thus arrived at a similar conclusion—a conclusion contrary to all our experience—is remarkable indeed. Nor can it escape the recollection of the English reader that an authority higher than philosophy has assigned three score years and ten, not as the average life of man, but as the average *limit* of its duration. It is plain, however, that the Scriptures deal with general facts; the philosopher rather with possibilities and contingencies. But is it true that man might generally live for a century if he would only live in accordance with those physical laws in obedience to which longevity depends? Unquestionably there is a mine of unexplored truth lying in this direction. If we examine carefully the returns of the Registrar-General from year to year, we shall find that a very large proportion of our race die, at all ages, from preventable disease that is, from disease resulting from nonconformity with the physical conditions of health. But we must pass on to the second part of this interesting work. It was the opinion of Buffon that the *amount of life upon the globe*, that is, the total quantity of living beings, always remains the same. As a general truth this is admitted by M. Flourens, who says that, although the number of species has continually diminished since animals first appeared on the globe, yet the number of individuals in certain species tends, on the contrary, always to increase. So that the extinction of one race is compensated by the multiplication of individual life in another. After referring to numerous familiar instances in which certain species of animals have become extinct, the author combats the common opinion "that nature disdains individuals, but preserves species with extreme care." "Nature," says M. Flourens, "disdains species no less than individuals; she takes no more account of one than the other; each species disap-

pears in its turn, the greatest as well as the least. Among the fossil species we find animals larger than the elephant and smaller than the mouse or shrew-mouse. Nature is only a word. God, in creating a being which could know itself, and Him also, has thus given a master to all other creatures." He then proceeds graphically to describe how, by the agency and intelligence of man, those species of animals which are noxious to him become extinguished, and those which are useful to him are indefinitely and prodigiously multiplied, as well as the human race itself. Then follows an interesting inquiry into the natural diet of man, which leads the author to the conclusion that man has two diets—one natural, primitive, instinctive,—by which he is *frugivorous*; and he has an artificial diet, due entirely to his intelligence, by which he becomes *omnivorous*. He sums up the whole thus—"One thing, at least, is evident, viz., that in proportion as the globe—which has not always been in a condition suitable to the manifestation of life—became modified, and, if I may use the expression, accommodated itself more and more to this manifestation, a very sensible variation is effected in the relative proportions of the species. In the first ages of the globe, it is the lower species—the lowest species—which predominate. In the subsequent ages it is the gigantic and formidable species, both among reptiles and quadrupeds; in the present era, it is the animals protected by man, and man himself—upon whom all superiority on this globe, even that of number,* seems ultimately devolved." This change, however, has been so extremely gradual that when we endeavour to fix a period since the destruction of the more recently existing species of extinct animals, we are lost in astonishment at the prodigious antiquity of our globe. "Two thousand years have elapsed since Aristotle wrote; yet we recognise, at the present day, all the animals he has described; and we also recognise them in the characters he has assigned them." Thus it appears, that so far as the present history of the globe is concerned, species do not change. Species never, indeed, appear to have changed by degeneration, rather by violence or want. "The fossil horse differs in no respect from the living horse. They are the same horses. The type of the horse then has not been altered by the revolutions of the globe. Nor has the type of the elephant."

Our space will not allow us to accompany the author into the third part of his work, which is, however, as interesting as the former. He agrees with *Deluc*, that the physical evidence of the deluge as well as of the previous history of the globe fully confirms the Mosaic account, rightly understood; and concludes with the acknowledgment that the evident unity of design in the creation of the globe incontrovertibly demonstrates that there is one God.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

The Modern Improved Method of Instruction for the Pianoforte. By REES E. HARRIS. London: Jewell and Letchford.

THE instructions given by Mr. Harris are clear, simple, and concise. The exercises are useful, practical and good. The tunes are carefully selected and fingered, and what is of great advantage, they are gradually progressive. The publishers are to be commended for avoiding the too common error of overloading the pages of instruction books with advertisements, and crowding together a quantity of tunes without regard to quality or fitness. The book before us is what an instruction book should be—certainly a desideratum for all engaged in musical tuition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Les Vêpres Siciliennes (Verdi's new opera) continues to draw crowds every evening at the Grand Opera in Paris. On Monday the receipts were 10,400 francs; Tuesday, 10,600 francs; Wednesday, 10,258 francs. There are several encores every evening, and the principal artistes are generally recalled. —Mrs. Nisbett announces that she is not about to return to the stage.—After a professional career of fifty years, Mr. W. Farren will this day take a farewell benefit at the Haymarket Theatre.—It is said that the Bank of England have in contemplation the opening of a branch at the West-end, and the Italian Opera-house has been named as the probable locale of the new bank.—By a letter from Paris, which appeared in the *Daily News* on Saturday week, we learn that the speculation of English theatricals in Paris has been a disastrous one.—The programme of the musical arrangements for the 132nd meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester (recently announced in the *Times*), is just out. There will be four morning performances of sacred music at Hereford Cathedral, and three evening concerts at the Shire Hall. The first morning will be Tuesday, August 21.

A Convention of Music Publishers of the United States has been lately in session in New York, which has aimed to settle the difficulties which have arisen

* The number of mankind has become a thousand times greater than that of any other species of powerful animals.—*Buffon*.

in the trade. It was agreed by the Board to make a large deduction from the old rule of prices heretofore charged for music. A uniform rate of five cents per sheet is established, to which is to be added for plain lithograph titles or paper cover, an extra sheet.—The *New York Musical Review* announces that "Mr. L. Southard, of Boston, a young musician of great promise, who has recently published a Course of Harmony, is now engaged upon an opera, the *libretto* of which is founded upon Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.'"—Mr. G. V. Brooke has had a most successful season at the Queen's Theatre, Melbourne. Mr. Brooke had appeared twenty times before a Melbourne audience—three times as Othello, twice as Master Walter, twice as Hamlet, twice as Richard III., twice as St. Pierre, twice as the Stranger, twice as Macbeth, twice as Virginius, and once as Sir Giles Overreach, Rob Roy, Edgar (in "The Bride of Lammermoor"), and Virginius.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A School of Art is about to be started in the town of Shrewsbury.—The Duke of Northumberland has purchased for 80,000 crowns the magnificent picture gallery of Baron Camucini.—Mr. Ward has completed his sketches for another of the great national Cartoons illustrative of striking passages in English history. The subject is Alice Lisle taken in the fact of concealing a fugitive.—On Saturday week, the first stone of the pedestal for the column and statue to be raised in memory of Sir Robert Peel at the end of Cheapside and St. Paul's Church-yard was laid.—Government has agreed to give a further sum of 10,000*l.* towards the completion of the Scotch art galleries on the Mound, Edinburgh, upon the understanding that the board of trustees shall also give an additional sum to finish the building and approaches. The amount already expended is 40,000*l.*, of which 25,000*l.* was received from Government.—Considerable progress has been made by Mr. Parris in his restoration of the paintings in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. About three-fourths of the dome, besides the lantern, are completed.—Oldham is to have a New Lyceum, the building in the Italian style, to be erected at a cost of 5000*l.*

The new fifty-franc gold pieces issued in France bear on one side the figure of the Emperor, and on the other the imperial scutcheon, with the motto, "*Dieu protège la France*."—The King of Hanover has just bestowed the Guelph Order on two artists, Frederick and Riepenhausen.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an interesting account of the restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." For three years the perishable immortality of this work has been undergoing a dangerous process, which is now nearly finished.—It appears, by the result of the examination of 1000 specimens of Photography sent for exhibition to the International Photographic Society of Amsterdam, that 15 silver and 25 bronze medals have been awarded:—7 of the former to French, 3 to London, 3 to Prussian, 1 to Saxon, and 1 to Dutch photographers. Fourteen of the bronze medals were awarded to French artists.—M. Gudin, the French marine painter, has refused a commission from the Russian Emperor to paint a series of pictures of the Czar's vessels sunk at Sebastopol and elsewhere.—The Weimar monument, which it is intended to erect to Goethe and Schiller, will probably be finished in 1857.

LITERARY NEWS.

FIRST on the list of some new publications forbidden to enter the Austrian Empire is the *Westminster Review*. Farini's "History of Italy," translated by Mr. Gladstone, and Gervinus's "History of the Nineteenth Century," are placed in the same category.—The admirers of Judge Halliburton will not be sorry to hear that he intends very speedily to enliven the world with "Sam Slick in search of a wife."—Mr. Bancroft is about to publish a selection of the original letters collected by him for his "History of America." They will form two volumes of documentary illustration.—From Germany the literary intelligence is, that Herr von Dingelstedt, is about to write a History of the English Drama. Herr Bodenstedt is busy with a new epic. Herr Emanuel von Geibel has a new volume of poems, mostly ballads, in the press.

A pension of 50*l.* a year has been awarded to Dr. Thomas Dick for literary services.—Measures are to be taken for an Editorial Convention of Publishers and Editors throughout New Jersey (U.S.) to be held in Camden during the week in which the State Agricultural Exhibition is to be held, for the purpose of considering matters connected with their vocation, and the duties of the Press of New Jersey generally.

The managers of the Royal Institution have elected Thomas H. Huxley, Esq., Fullerton Professor of Physiology to that Institution.—The Council of London University have determined to unite the professorships, hitherto distinct, of Chemistry and Practical Chemistry, and have appointed Dr. Alex-

ander W. Williamson Professor of Chemistry, as successor to Mr. Thos. Graham, now Master of the Mint.—Earl Stanhope has signified to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University that it is his intention to give during his life, and to bequeath at his death, an annual prize of 20*l.* for the best composition on a modern history subject. The subject for 1856 will be "The Character of Lord Clarendon, first as a Statesman; and secondly as a Historian." Any undergraduate of the University of Oxford, who shall not have exceeded four years from his matriculation of the 31st of March next, is at liberty to compete for this prize, and is required to send his exercise under a sealed cover to the Registrar of the University of Oxford on or before the day above specified. It is desired that the essays should not be of greater length than would occupy twenty minutes if they should be recited.—During the year ending 20th June last, the following civil list pensions have been granted:—300*l.* to Mrs. Montague, in consideration of her late husband's services in the penal settlement of Van Dieman's Land, and while Secretary to Government at the Cape of Good Hope. The same sum to each of the three daughters of the late Mrs. Horatia Nelson Ward, the adopted daughter of Nelson. 200*l.* to Georgiana Hay Fullarton, widow of Lord Fullarton. 100*l.* to Mrs. C. Moore, widow of Colonel Willoughby Moore, who lost his life in the Europa. 100*l.* to Thomas Keightley, in consideration of his services to historical literature. 150*l.* to Maria Margareta Crafer, widow of the late Mr. Edwin Turner Crafer, of the Treasury. And 50*l.* to Annabella Kitto, widow of Dr. John Kitto, in consideration of the services rendered by her husband to Biblical literature.—By a treatise of Dottore Alessandro Torri, recently published at Florence, it appears that an old MS. of Thomas à Kempis's book, "De Imitatione Christi," has been discovered at Vercelli. It is said to bear the date of 1349, and name a certain Joannes Gersenius, a Benedictine monk of Vercelli, as the author of the work.

A commission—consisting of Lord Montagu and Messrs. Hubbard and Norman—has been appointed to inquire into the subject of Decimal Coinage.—An interesting discovery of part of the old Roman wall has been made in Northumberland,—a prison has been found, with various traces of the great nation who left such deep footprints wherever they once trod.—A very important discovery has just been made by a M. Petit, of Lyons, of a means of impregnating silk by a chemical process, with gold, silver, brass, or iron, so that it can be woven with perfect flexibility, and thus form, as it were, stuffs of those metals.—An important clause has been added to the Public Libraries and Museums Bill, on its second recommitment. This clause allows the adoption of the Act in the city of London, the Lord Mayor being authorised, at the request of the Common Council, to convene a public meeting of the citizens rated to the consolidated rate, in order to determine whether the Act shall be adopted. The consent of two-thirds of the meeting will be required.—A valuable and curious library is to be sold at St. Petersburg. It is that of the Councillor of State Liprandi, brother of the General of that name, now acting against us in the Crimea, and consists entirely of works on Turkey, in which respect it may be called unique. It contains thousands of volumes, which for centuries have been withdrawn from the trade; besides a great many maps, plans, drawings, and manuscripts. It has taken the possessor thirty-seven years to collect.—Attention is called by the English Jurors now in Paris to the extraordinary beauty and interest of the collection in the Paris Exhibition as a whole, now that it has attained its full proportions.—Under the new arrangements newspapers can be transmitted "free" to a number of places, if sent via Belgium—as, to the Austrian dominions, Baden, Bavaria, Belgrade, Bremen, Frankfurt, Lubek, Hamburg, Hanover, Prussia, Poland, Russia, Saxony, Wallachia, and Moldavia. The charge to British Colonies is one penny; but if the newspaper be posted to the East Indies via Marseilles, the charge is threepence. The charge to the United States is one penny; to Oregon and California, twopence; to Egypt, one penny via Southampton, threepence via Marseilles; to Java via Southampton one penny, via Holland twopence, via Marseilles threepence; to Mexico one penny, but via the United States twopence; to Sardinia via France one penny; to countries beyond seas via France twopence.

LECTURES ON ORATORY.—Mr. James Burke, of the Irish Bar, delivered, a few evenings ago, his second lecture on Oratory, at the Camden Institution, Camden Town. The learned gentleman commenced by stating, that, having in his first lecture (at the Westminster Institution) dwelt upon the genius of the "Orators of Ireland," he would now endeavour to pay homage to the glories of the "Orators of England," and on some future evening try the same task with reference to the "Orators of Scotland." Mr. Burke then proceeded to examine some of the causes which gave an orator such remarkable power over his fellow-men, and dwelt for a time upon ancient eloquence and on the wonderful effect which had been produced by some of the brilliant orations of Demosthenes and Cicero. Having glanced at the oratory of France, the lecturer passed to the immediate subject of the even-

ing, and took up the history of the orator-statesmen of England, from 1688 to the present time, explaining—as he criticised each oration from which he quoted—the historical facts connected with its delivery, but without entering on any of those angry controversies which are connected with party warfare. Mr. Burke presented to his hearers biographical sketches of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Fox, and other leading English statesmen. Of Canning, the lecturer remarked that, though by birth and residence an Englishman, his parents were both Irish; so that that illustrious man might be called the joint property of both countries. The selections from Canning's witty and brilliant harangues, as well as from Chatham's startling denunciations of weakness and inefficiency in administrations, and from Fox's massive and majestic appeals to the first principles of human right, were warmly received by a numerous and attentive audience. Stirring passages from Wilberforce, Romilly, and other distinguished English public men, followed, interspersed with historical and personal anecdotes; and the learned lecturer concluded amidst loud applause. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the lecturer, in acknowledgment of which Mr. Burke stated that it gave him great pride to have (as the vote so kindly passed proved) succeeded in pleasing those whom he had addressed, and added that, as he had now endeavoured to portray the greatness of the Irish and of the English orators, he expected, on an early occasion, to make an effort to sketch the eloquence with which Lord Erskine, Sir James Mackintosh, and other distinguished Scotchmen, had added to the intellectual glories of the empire.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.—BENEFITS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Il Barbiere*. *L'Etoile du Nord*. MEYERBEER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

THE PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT CAMPDEN HOUSE.

MR. WALLACK AND THE ENGLISH TROOP AT PARIS.

MELE RACHEL.

LADY BOOTHBY.

The experienced eye, if it cannot read the end of the theatrical season upon the scale of the thermometer, may at least learn the fact from the columns of the *Times*, which are now filled every day with those delicate reminders to the friends and admirers of Mr. So and So that he is about to take his benefit, and hopes for a continuance of that "kindness and liberal patronage," &c. What a call upon the *kindness* and liberality of even friends and admirers, to ask them to come to the theatre in such weather as this!

The most successful benefits hitherto have been Mr. Robson's at the Olympic, and Madame Gassier's at Drury-Lane. Upon the latter occasion Mr. E. T. Smith came forward upon the stage, and presented the charming and accomplished singer with a handsome piece of plate, as a tribute of the admiration and esteem in which she is so justly held. To this the *Times*' critic takes objection, urging that the public has nothing to do with Madame Gassier—that the public has admired her, has praised her, has paid her its money, and is quits with her. Surely this is a selfish and meanly commercial way of looking at the relations between the public and the world of art. If Madame Gassier had been paid upon the tariff of a *prima donna* at the Italian Opera, there might perhaps have been some grounds for such a criticism; but it is clear, from the prices charged for admission, that her remuneration could have been calculated upon no such scale. But, apart from the mere mercenary consideration, surely there is nothing more unfit in this graceful recognition of merit than in the act of throwing a bouquet after a song. Suppose some crusty old utilitarian were to get up in the stalls and say: "I object to flowers being thrown at that woman. She has her salary, and if she wants flowers she can very well afford to buy them in Covent Garden Market. The public doesn't owe her flowers." Why, when Sallé, the danseuse, first delighted the eyes of a London audience, it is on record that bank-notes and jewellery were thrown upon the stage.

Among coming benefits, we notice Mr. Farren's, at the Haymarket, to be followed by the definite retirement of the veteran, and Mr. Emery's, at the Olympic. At the latter the *School for Scandal* will be played by the cast which has been delighting the town for the last three weeks; and *Robert Macaire*. From Mr. Emery's interpretation of Lemaitre's great rôle much is anticipated, and Robson's Jacques Strop is expected to be quite a dramatic event. Even in spite of the weather, I think that I shall be tempted to see this.

At the Royal Italian Opera, *Il Barbiere* continues to attract the admirers of the gay, the lively, and the beautiful. Cerito gains new laurels in the ballet of *La Vivandière*. Next week we are to have *L'Etoile du Nord*, sans *relache*.

Meyerbeer is in England, and the amateurs, real and pseudo, are making as much fuss with him as the Parisians are doing with Rossini. He has been dining with the Queen; and the *Musical World*, in its operatic gossip, states that the great maestro is seen taking a "constitutional" every morning at seven, in the Park, to shake off the fatigues of the fêtes and

compliments he has to encounter of an evening. When a paragraph of this sort went the round of the French papers, stating that Rossini was to be seen every morning upon the Boulevards in a *redingote de propriétaire*, it is said that a mob of eager enthusiasts seized an inoffensive bourgeois and elevated him upon their shoulders, believing him to be the great Italian composer. I should therefore advise all nice clean-looking old gentlemen who don't want to be made Guys of to abstain from walking in the Park of a morning until the performance of *L'Etoile* has rendered the amateurs familiar with the personal appearance of Meyerbeer. All sorts of reports are afloat respecting the appearance of this wonderful opera. The composer has been attending daily rehearsals. Great things are expected of *Lablache* as the Corporal (Leflier's part in the Drury-lane version); and Mlle. Bauer, instead of singing the more ambitious rôle of Catherine, is expected to give great satisfaction as one of the vivandières. One rumour I hear which, I hope, in the name of good sense and every right and proper feeling, is not true; which is, that some of the wounded heroes of Alma and Inkerman are hired to appear as Russian soldiers in the army of the Czar. Such an offence against good taste is scarcely possible; but that the public will submit to it, if attempted, is utterly impossible.

The great theatrical event of the fortnight has been the private theatricals at Campden House, conducted by Mr. Charles Dickens, and set on foot for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital at Brompton. The piece of the evening was a melodrama, called *The Light-house*, and written by the charming and delicate pen of Wilkie Collins. The plot—who shall describe the plot of a melodrama?—was founded upon some such incidents as these. Aaron Gurnock, an old light-keeper, has a crime upon his conscience, not committed immediately by himself, but by a companion; the victim, a gentle Lady Grace. There is a storm; a brig approaches the lighthouse; Martin Gurnock and Jacob Dale, the other light-keepers, exert themselves to save her; Phoebe, Jacob Dale's daughter, stands by, and strains her eyes to catch the name of the imperilled brig. "I see it now," she cries; "it is the Lady Grace!" Aaron's scream of horror is the last sound heard as the curtain falls upon the first act. The second act opens with perplexities. Martin Gurnock knows of his father's complicity in the crime, and deems himself unworthy on that account to marry Phoebe;—perplexity of Phoebe, indignation of her father at the supposed indifference of Martin towards his daughter, and the other melo-dramatic complications proper to the situation. How is the knot cut? Why, Lady Grace is not murdered; she recovered after her supposed murderer had concealed the body; she was on board the wrecked brig; and Jacob Gurnock is once more an innocent man. Mr. Dickens acted Aaron Gurnock with an artistic intensity, which might be called professional, were it not that few professionals could equal it; Mr. Mark Lemon's Jacob Dale was much praised; and Mr. Egg acted a rough sailor with unctuous fidelity and humour. Miss Dickens in Phoebe gained all the *kudos* of a successful *débütante*. Doubtless the funds of the Consumption Hospital will greatly benefit by this "merrie mumming."

Mr. Wallack has been writing letters, which have found their way into print, denying the statements which have appeared and gained universal credence, respecting the state of the unhappy English company in Paris. As the greater part of that company has now reached these shores again, I should not have thought it necessary to refer to the case, if it had not been for Mr. Wallack's most absurd and unwarrantable assertion that the reports in question were "little bare, theatrical preliminary puffs, for the Italian troupe, with Madame Ristori at its head." Such an assertion is too ridiculous to meet with the slightest credence. It may be very gallingly to Mr. Wallack to contrast his own "beggarly account of empty boxes" with the crowds which throng to see Ristori; but, considering the relative merits of the two companies, he need not, unless blinded with inordinate vanity, go very far to ascertain the cause. The Italian troupe had made its position in Paris long before Mr. Wallack and his ragged army ever invaded the Salle Ventadour; and to call any report connected with his speculations a "puff preliminary" is simply to err in point of chronology. I believe (as Mr. Wallack states) that Madame Ristori did not give 300 francs in charity to the starving members of the company; but I also believe that several persons belonging to the company were actually in great want, and that charity was extended towards them.

After all the talk and gossip of the French *coulisses*, Mlle. Rachel is going to America. Rumour said that the great *Camille* had resolved to stay at home and take care of her glory, so rudely shaken by Ristori; but the famous *tragédienne*, true to her extraction, prefers dollars to fame, and will drag her laurels through the American mud "for a con-si-dé-ra-ti-on."

The *Times* says that it is "authorised by Lady Boothby to state that there is no foundation for a rumour that she is about to return to the stage." Those who had heard the rumour (among whom I am not included) will be considerably relieved by the information. JACQUES.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Saturday week Dr. Scoresby gave an account of the Arctic Regions, illustrating his description by the large collection of objects brought from the North by the late Sir John and the present Mr. Barrow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOSSIL REMAINS AT MICKLETON.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Could you give any account of the fact mentioned in the Appendix to the Rev. Baden Powell's "Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy," of "the discovery of fossil human remains in the railway cuttings of Mickleton Tunnel." Mr. Powell states his object in mentioning the fact is "for the sake of inciting inquiry," &c. The discovery of human remains under the circumstances stated by him seems extremely curious, and opposed to the common theory of the recent origin of man.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.

University Club, July 7.
[We insert this note in the hope that some reader may have leisure and inclination to seek the information "a Subscriber" requires].

MR. GOUGH'S ORATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In your last number there appeared an article on J. B. Gough, which, I find, contains at the close a quotation from one of Mr. G.'s orations, which was thought worthy of stricture. The paragraph quoted ran—"Sublimity tabernacles not in the chambers of the thunder, nor rides on the wings of the wind," &c. &c. Allow me to inform the writer of that article that the sentence is a plagiarism from the "First Gallery of Literary Portraits," by Geo. Gilfillan—very slightly altered, and nowise improved. He will find it in the paper on "Jeffrey," at page 5. It is not the only plagiarism from the same author to be found in Mr. Gough's orations.

However open to dispute may be the critic's charge against this selected passage, it will be better that the blame—if there be any—rest on the proper party; because, though modified, Mr. Gilfillan must accept the percentage of the quotation.

Allow me to remark that this practice of plagiarism is so commonly resorted to by this famous speaker as to be exceedingly reprehensible.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Darlington, July THOMAS LONGSTAFF.

OBITUARY.

BLACK, Mr. John, who for many years occupied the responsible post of editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

BUCKINGHAM, Mr. James Silk, the well-known lecturer and writer, at Stanhope-lodge, Upper Avenue-road, aged 69, after a protracted illness. Mr. Buckingham was in his early days at sea. He afterwards became connected with journalism in India, travelled over the greater part of the world, and, returning to England, acquired some fame as a lecturer, and grew conspicuous by his connection with various philanthropic schemes, many of which were looked upon as impracticable. In 1839 he was elected M.P. for Sheffield, and continued to represent that constituency until 1837. Lately, since his name was placed on the pension list, Mr. Buckingham has not taken an active part in public life.

FULCHER, Mr. of Sudbury, the author of some popular poems, and for twenty-six years the editor of a Pocket-book of creditable standing among literary almanacs.

GIRARDIN, Madame de, wife of the editor of the *Presse*, at Paris, June 29, after a long illness.

MCCLINTOCK, Mr. John, of Drumcar, in the county of Louth, and formerly Sergeant-at-Arms in the Irish House of Commons, for the loss of which office he had been in receipt of a pension of 2000*l.* a year for upwards of half a century. The deceased had attained the patriarchal age of 83, and was (says the *Carlisle Sentinel*) "the contemporary of the most distinguished men at the time when the brilliancy of Irish genius was the theme of admiration throughout Europe. He was a patriot in the true sense of the term, being consistently opposed to the Union—when peerages, honours, and decorations were lavished on those who supported the measure. He was (says Sir Jonah Barrington) the last who left the House, accompanied by the Speaker, on the night the measure passed in March, 1800; both seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion—when at the door they turned round and took a last view of that house which had been, as Grattan observed, the glory, the guardian, and the protection of the country. He was first married to Miss Bunbury, of Lisnevagh, sister to Colonel Bunbury, of Moyle, by whom he had issue Major McClintock, who succeeds to the estates, and Captain W. B. McClintock Bunbury, M.P. for this county. He was married, secondly, to the Lady Elizabeth Le Poer Trench, sister to the late Earl of Clancarty, who survives him, and by whom he had a numerous issue."

FARRY, Sir W. E., Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, at Enn, in Germany.

ROBERTS, Mr. R., the celebrated Welsh harpist, who for upwards of fifty years enjoyed the proud title of "Prince of Song," and the distinction of being the chaired monarch of harpists.

WEAVER, Mr. T., aged 81, at his residence, in Stafford-place, Piccadilly, on the 2nd inst. The contemporary of Humboldt and Leopold von Buch, he acquired, in company with these illustrious men, his rudiments of mineralogy and geology, under the tuition of Werner, at Freiberg, having been entered on the books of that celebrated Mining Academy in 1790. Mr. Weaver was, until within these few years, a frequent contributor to the *Philosophical Magazine* and other scientific periodicals.

WILLIAMS, Mr. E., the elder, landscape-painter, aged 73.

WARM WEATHER.—RIMMEL'S TOILET

VINEGAR is a perfect luxury at this season for the Toilet or Bath, for scenting the handkerchief, or for cooling and purifying the air in apartments and sick rooms.

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A KING'S EFFERVESCENT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA is a most efficacious saline aperient, pleasant to the taste, innocuous, suitable for all ages, and highly approved of by the Faculty and all who have experienced its beneficial effects. Samples sent free of expense on application to the proprietor, W. W. KING, 15, Percy-street, London; also may be obtained in the South-west Gallery, Crystal Palace, and all Dispensaries, also makes favorable mention of it.

COCOA.—Invalids should drink HAND-

FORD and DAVIES' Pure Granulated Cocoa. The Analytical Sanitary Commissioners, in their analysis of cocoa, proved it to be the best of the four genuine samples they found in London; it being free from husk and dust, and prepared with great care. Read the *Lancet*, May 31st, 1851.—Dr. A. H. HANWILL, in his work on the Cocoa, says: "It is the best of the four genuine samples of cocoa, and is the only one in which the husk and dust are completely removed." It is sold in 1 lb. packets, price 1s. per lb. Your country grocer, if he does not keep it in stock, will procure it for you.—61, HIGH HOLBORN.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE puri-

fies and vitalizes the Blood; is a specific in cholera and the worst forms of typhus, scarlet, and other fevers; taken as a beverage it prevents and cures skin and many other complaints; see Dr. Stevens's works, the late Dr. Turley's lectures, and the wrappers accompanying each bottle. To be obtained through all Chemists and Booksellers, special at 88, Snow Hill, and of the sole maker, H. LAMPLOUGH, 1, Mecklenburg-terrace, Gray's-inn-road, London.

TEETH.—MR. T. LUKY'S SOLID

PATENT ENAMEL ARTIFICIAL TEETH will be found superior to all others. They will not wear out, become loose on their fastenings, or decay. Author of the "Essay on Improved French and American Modes of fixing Teeth." 3d. 6d.; by post, 3s. 4d. 4, Upper George-street, Bryanston-square.

MR. JOHN CROKER, Practical Dentist, has

REMOVED to 28, Baker-street, Portman-square, opposite Manners Tassard's, and respectfully solicits the nobility, clergy, and gentry for a continuance of that patronage which has hitherto been so successful in obtaining what cannot be combined with moderate charges, and the best materials of 30 carat gold for mineral teeth on the atmosphere pressure. He is determined by this method to maintain that reputation he has already won, relying more upon the good report of his patients than upon anything he could publicly advance in a newspaper. Attendance from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—MR. HOWARD,

Surgeon-Dentist, 55, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they are superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Violent Pains, Swelling, and Inflammation, and all the various diseases of the Teeth, are cured by this method. Useful in mastication.—55, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the Skin, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance, being at once a most fragrant perfume and deodorant. It is a most valuable and useful remedy for the skin, and is by its balsamic and healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humor, pimples, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become as soft and smooth as a baby's, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it annihilates every impurity and all roughness, and will afford great comfort if applied to the face during the prevalence of cold or rainy weather.

Sold in Bottles 2s. 6d., with directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple but certain Remedy to all who suffer from Indigestion, Sick Headache, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Heartburn, and Acidity of the Stomach, Depressed Spirits, Bloating, Sleep, Violent Fluctuations, Spasms, Green Bile, Constipation, &c. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient, and are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and Thousands of Persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from them. Sold in Bottles 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be

perused to purchase any of the various imitations which have sprung up in consequence of the success of "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS."

DEAFNESS.—New Discovery.—The Organic

Vibrator, an extraordinary powerful, small, newly-invented instrument for Deafness, entirely different from all others, to surpass anything of the kind that has been, or probably ever can be produced; being of the same colour as the skin, is not perceptible. It enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and at public assemblies; the unpleasant sensation of ringing in the ears is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that possibly could be desired.—Invaluable Newly-invented Spectacles; immediately they are placed before externally-imperfect vision, every object becomes clear and distinct, and the most aged defective sight is brought to its youthful, natural, and original state.—The most powerful Patent Telescopes, Opera, Camp, Race-course, and Perspective Glasses, to know the distances, possessing extraordinary power, that some 30 inches, with an extra eye-piece, will show distinctly the Georgian with his six satellites, Jupiter's Moons, Saturn's Ring, and the Double Stars; with the same Telescope can see a person's countenance three and a half miles distant, and an object from sixteen to twenty miles. Also a very small powerful Telescope, of the size of a walnut, to discern minute objects at the distance of from four to five miles.—S. and B. SOLOMONS, Artists and Opticians, 39, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, Opposite the York Hotel.

FITCH AND SON'S

CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON, AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.

The City is the emporium for all good things; and the emporium for rich and delicious Bacon is FITCH AND SON'S, 66, Bishopsgate-street.—*Wide United Service Gazette*, March 31, 1853.

This celebrated Bacon has now been fifteen years before the public, and still retains its deserved pre-eminence. It is sold by the side, half side, and separate pieces.

The half-side, of 30 lbs. 0 9 0 per lb.
The middle piece of 12 lbs. 0 10 0

FITCH AND SON'S HOUSEHOLD PROVISIONS.

Chickens and other Choice Fowls, 7d. to 0 5 per lb.
Very good ditto, ditto, 7d. to 0 5

Ditto serviceable ditto, 0 7 0
Fine new Salt Butter, 0 11 0

Very good ditto, 9d. to 0 10 0
Fine small and large Ham, 5d. to 0 9

Bacon, Hams, Tongues, German Sausages, Cheese of all kinds, Butter, &c., securely packed for travelling, and delivered free of charge throughout the City, and at the Railways daily, and the suburbs twice a week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-in-the-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is not with the order for goods.—66, BISHOPSGATE-STREET, LONDON. (Established 1794.)

DAMP WALLS.—PATENT ELASTIC

PAINT an effectual remedy, rendering immediately fit for Papering or Oil Painting. For quantities suited to cover 150 square feet, 10s.—PATENT LIQUID CEMENT for FRONTS OF HOUSES, &c. This valuable and economic material is always ready for use, simple in application. It will not decompose or wash off. For beauty it stands pre-eminent, giving the appearance of fine cut stone, and 1 cwt. will cover 400 to 500 square feet. Sold in casks of one, two, and three cwt., 8s., 15s., and 21s. each, casks covered.—PATENT ZINC PAINTS. These paints are ready mixed for use, economical, unchangeable in colour, superior to, and will last much longer than, common oil-paints, and will cover a much larger surface than the same quantity of white-lead paint. Price 7s. per gallon, ordinary colours; Celestial Blue and Green, 8s.—Patentees, GEORGE BELL and Co., Steam Mills, 2, Wellington-street, Goswell-street, London.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID

MAGNESIA, prepared under the immediate care of the Inventor and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for removing BILE, ACIDITIES, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving URIC ACID in GRAVEL and GOUT; also as an easy remedy for SEA SICKNESS, and for the febrile affection incident to childhood, it is invaluable.—On the value of Magnesia as a remedial agent it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is now the most valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the possibility of those dangerous concretions usually resulting from the use of the article in powder—Sold by the sole Consignees, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists, and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., 3s., 6d., 11s., and 21s. each. The Adulterated Syrup in bottles, 3s. each.—N.B. Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label, in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

The real qualities and merits of this pure, unadulterated, and speedily efficacious OIL, long known and highly appreciated on the Continent, have been universally tried and tested since its recent introduction into this country; and its numerous commendations and testimonials establish, with remarkable and surprising satisfaction. In cases of an urgent and critical nature, as well as in lingering and chronic diseases, and where ordinary Cod Liver Oil had failed to produce any beneficial effect, it has been administered sometimes with unexpected, and generally with undeviating success.

It is entirely free from nauseous flavour, invariably and carefully submitted to chemical analysis, and to preclude any subsequent adulteration or addition, it is supplied only in bottles, and is labelled with Dr. De Jongh's Stamp and Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

Sold by ASHAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, Dr. De Jongh's sole Consignees and Agents; and in the Country by respectable Chemists.

Half-pints (10 oz.), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 oz.), 4s. 6d.; Quarts (40 oz.), 8s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

ELEGANT PERSONAL REQUISITES.

Under the Patronage of the Courts of Europe, the Aristocracy, and the Upper Classes.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL. For the Growth, Restoration, and for Improving and Beautifying the Human Hair. It prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey, strengthens weak Hair, cleanses it from scurf or dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft, curly, and glossy. In the growth of the Hair, Whiskers, and Moustaches, it is not only its stimulative operation. For Children it is especially recommended as forming the basis of a Beautiful Head of Hair. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles, equal to four small, 18s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, an Oriental Balm, Preparation for Improving and Beautifying the Complexion. Eradicates Cutaneous Defects and Discolorations, and renders the Skin Soft, Fair, and Blooming. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' OINTMENT, OR PEARL DEFRIGIFICE. For Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the Breath Sweet and Pure. Price 2s. 6d. per box.

Sold by A. ROWLAND and SONS, 50, Hatton-garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers throughout the Kingdom.

* Beware of Spurious Imitations!!!

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN,

INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY for making Superior Barley Water, in Fifteen Minutes, is not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light Food for Infants and Invalids; much superior to any other Food for Uricus Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

The proprietor of Robinson's Patent Barley Water, deprecates the public that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and

Barley.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT.

And Strongly Recommended by the Medical Profession.

TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, and FAMILIES.

THE important object, so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, Patentees, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obviated, and very superior Groats speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.

The Barley, being prepared by a similar process, is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and it contains all the nutritious properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soup, &c.

A report having been circulated that preparations of so white a character could not be produced from Groats and Barley alone, the Patentees have had recourse to the highest authority, viz., A. B. TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., &c., for an analysis to establish the fact, a copy of which is subjoined:—

"Chemical Laboratory, Guy's Hospital, February 19, 1853.

"I have submitted to a microscopic and chemical examination the samples of Barley-meal and Groats which you have forwarded to me, and I beg to inform you that I find in them only those principles which are found in good Barley; there is no mineral or other impurity present, and from the result of my investigation, I believe them to be genuine, and to possess those nutritive properties assigned by the late Dr. Pereira to this description of food.

(Signed) A. S. TAYLOR.

"Messrs. ADNAM and Co."

CAUTION.—To prevent error, the Public are requested to observe that the Package bears the Signature of the PATENTERS, J. and J. C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Mutton-Lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters, at 6d. and 1s. each, in all the Grocers for Vendors at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c. in Town and Country.

GREAT COMFORT TO INVALIDS.—A

FIXED WATER-CLOSET for 11—Places in gardens converted into comfortable water-closets by the PATENT HERMETICALLY-SEALED PAN, with its self-acting valve, preventing the return of cold air or effluvia. Any carpenter can fix it in two hours. Price 11s. Also, Hermetically-sealed Indurous Chamber Commodes, 11s., 12s., 14s., 16s., 18s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 26s., 28s., 30s., 32s., 34s., 36s., 38s., 40s., 42s., 44s., 46s., 48s., 50s., 52s., 54s., 56s., 58s., 60s., 62s., 64s., 66s., 68s., 70s., 72s., 74s., 76s., 78s., 80s., 82s., 84s., 86s., 88s., 90s., 92s., 94s., 96s., 98s., 100s. A prospectus with engravings forwarded by enclosing two post stamps.—At PYTE and Co's Sanatorium, 46, Leicester-square, London.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS,

remarkable for their efficacy in curing Bad Legs, Mrs. Norman, of 23, Round-court, West Smithfield, was afflicted for upwards of nine years with a dreadful bad leg; the wounds in it were horrible to behold, and she despaired of its ever being cured, as she had been under several medical men of great celebrity, but all failed in doing any good whatever. At last she determined on using Holloway's Ointment and PILLS, and these wonderful medicines soon effected a sound and perfect cure, to the great surprise of all her friends that had seen it.—Sold by all vendors of medicines, and at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York.

TO SUFFERERS.—LEAFY'S POMADE

cures, by gentle rubbing, the Dolorous, Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and all painful Affections of the Nerves, giving instant relief in the most violent paroxysms of those tormenting maladies. It may be used by the most delicate person with perfect safety, as well as benefit to the general health, requiring no restraint from business or pleasure, nor does it cause any eruption on the most tender skin. Sold by JOHN STEIRLING, 86, High-street, Whitechapel, London, in tin cases, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. It can be sent to any part of the Kingdom by post, with instructions. Carriage 4d. extra.

JOHN GOSNELL and CO.'S PATENT

TRICHOCHARON, or newly-invented Hair Brush, possesses in use an almost incredible cleansing power, yet does not produce the slightest irritation of the skin of the head, which so frequently creates itching and even premature baldness. Its peculiar mechanical construction accomplishes the two operations of cleansing and polishing simultaneously, thus leaving the hair beautifully soft and glossy, unobtainable by other means. To meet the requirements of all, they are made of six different degrees of quality, varying from very hard to very soft. To be had of every respectable dealer in the Kingdom; and wholesale only of the patentees and manufacturers, JOHN GOSNELL and Co., 12, The Kings-court, Lambeth-street.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—The COLUM-

BIAN INSTANTANEOUS HAIR DYE is harmless and scentless as water, changing red or grey hair to a permanent and natural brown or black, without staining the skin. Mr. and Mrs. URWIN may be privately consulted daily. Prepared only by URWIN and ALBERT, 24, Piccadilly. In cases, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Forwarded on receipt of post-office orders.

BEAUTY.—The Advertiser guarantees to

make the skin as beautiful, as fair, as delicate, as transparently clear and lovely as that of the new-born child, without causing pain or injury. No language can describe the beautiful fresh and healthy clear complexion produced upon the countenance by this amazing change. Necessary requisites sent on receipt of 24 stamps.

Address "A. B., 7, Clayton-lane, Bradford, Yorkshire.

The marks of Smallpox, and other disfigurements, removed from the Face.

HAIR DYE.—BACHELOR'S INSTANTA-

NEOUS COLUMBIAN has attained an unprecedented popularity in the American Colonies, and is the best in the world. Its effects are startling and triumphant, and it is there rapidly superseding all other dyes.—Sold by the Manufacturer, W. A. BACHELOR, 233, Broadway, New York; R. HOVENDEN, 22, Kings-street, London; and by all the principal Grocers, Stationers, and Perfumers, in all the Kingdom. Please to observe the above names and addresses on each New York original packet.—Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s.

HAIR DYE.—The United Service, or British

Army and Navy Hair Dyes.—The most beautiful preparation ever invented for dyeing, at the same time softening the hair; it is particularly recommended by the British, French, and Prussian Courts, as well as having the distinguished patronage of the Army and Navy. It is perfectly free from smell, and quite easy of application.

To be had wholesale of J. F. SHAYLER, 5, West-street, Upper St. Martin's-lane; and retail of J. T. Shayler, 82, St. John-street-road; also of Mintram's, perfumers, 7, Burlington-arcade; Kennedy, 106, Oxford-street; and of all the principal Grocers, Stationers, and Perfumers, in all the Kingdom. Please to observe the above names and addresses on each New York original packet.—Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s.

DO YOU WANT BEAUTIFUL HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c.?—COUPELLE'S CRINITHAIR, though extensively used, is acknowledged by every one as the only preparation to be really depended upon for the unrivalled production of Hair and Whiskers in two or three weeks; as also checking Greyness, Baldness, &c., and rendering the Hair beautifully luxuriant, curly, and glossy.

Mr. Williams, 8, Leather-street, Liverpool.—"I can now show as fine a head of hair as any person, solely from using your Crinithair."

Sergeant Craven, Longford Barracks, Ireland.—"Through using your Crinithair, I have an excellent moustache, which I had before despaired of."

Mr. Carter, Pangbourne, Berks.—"My head, which was quite bald, is now covered with new hair."

Price 2s. per Package, through all Druggists and Perfumers, or sent post free on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 60, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.

IF YOUR HAIR IS GREY OR RED use

ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PURE INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, universally acknowledged as the only perfect one, and infinitely superior to the numerous disgraceful imitations, which smell horribly, burn the hair, and leave an unnatural tint.

Price 3s. 6d., and four times the quantity at 10s. 6d. per bottle, through all Chemists, or sent free secure from observation for 50 postage stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 60, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.

Mr. Whittaker, 22, Fargate, Sheffield.—"Your Hair Dye is highly spoken of by all who have purchased it of me."

Mr. Pearce, King-street, Ludlow.—"Your Hair Dye has succeeded admirably; it gives such a natural tinge."

Mr. Pearson, 29, Fishergate, Nottingham.—"Your Hair Dye is excellent."

Mr. Casey, 2, Gloucester-green, Oxford.—"It gives the greatest satisfaction."

James Thompson, Esq., Middleton.—"It answers the highest expectations."

Mr. J. N. Clark, Killiney, Wexford.—"It is a most excellent and immediate Dye for the Hair, far preferable to all others."

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WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often harmful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to be) forwarded by post, on receipt of 50 postage stamps, by WHITE, 238, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS,

&c.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support to all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAIN, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each. Postage, 6d. extra.

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THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD IS
PARTRIDGE AND COZENS,
 No. 1, Chancery-lane, Fleet-street end, opposite the Temple.
 (Removed from 127 and 128.)
 EVERYTHING NOT ONLY CHEAP BUT GOOD.

P. AND C., being Papermakers' Agents,
 supply Papers at a small Commission on the Mill Prices, and
 say confidently that their General List will be found at least
 FORTY per Cent. LOWER than the usual RETAIL CHARGES.

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Useful Cream Laid Note	2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.	3 6
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Very Best Hottling	1s. per quire, or 5 quires for 4s., or 14 0	10 6
Good Cartridge, 1s. 6d. per quire, or 5 quires for 8s. 6d.	...	10 6
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Whitey Brown Paper	3s. 3d. and 3s. 9d.	3 6
Extra Large Size ditto, smooth, and tough	7 6
Superfine Blue Laid Foolscap	10 6
Ruled Foolscap for Bills	12 6
Tissue Papers, various colours, 5 quires for 2s.

Black Bordered Paper.

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Very Best Thick Cream Laid Black Bordered Note, full size, 5 quires for 2s., or 7 6
Albert or Queen's Size, ditto	5 quires for 1s. 6d., or 5 6	...
Very Best Black Bordered Adhesive Envelopes, 1s. per 100, or 9s. per 1000
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Copy Books, foolscap, 4to. size, good paper	2 6	...
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Swan's Copy Books (copies set)	3 9	...
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Round Glaze Pencils, in boxes of 100, only 5d., or 3s. 9d. per 1000
Lead Pencils, 6d. and 9d. per dozen
Eraser Rulers, 4d., 6d., and 1s. each
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P. and C.'s Celebrated Cedar Holders, fit any pen, 6d. per dozen, or 4s. 6d. per gross

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Good Cream Laid Adhesive, "all well gummed"	4 6	...
Superfine ditto	6 6	...
Extra Thick, Superfine ditto (a beautiful article)	7 6	...
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Official Envelopes, for Foolscap folded in four, 2s. per 100
Cloth-lined Envelopes, any size, very cheap

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The Correspondence Pen, adapts itself to any hand	1 3
Fine Point for Ladies and Light Writing	1 3
Medium point, very soft and flexible	1 3
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These are well suited for school use.

Extra Broad Points, will write with comfort on Brown Paper, and the nearest approach to a Quill 1 6
 and the nearest approach to a Quill 1 6
 Magnum Bonoma, 4d. per dozen, or 3s. 6d. per gross 3 6
 The above Pens are all of Partridge and Cozens's own manufacture, made of the Purest Steel, and all Selected and Warranted.

Good Quill Pens, very cheap, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per 100.
 Government Quill Pens (used) large size, 2s. 6d.

Miscellaneous Useful Articles.

Paper Knives, 6d. each; Porcupine Pen Holders, Silver Mounted, 6d. each.
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 Morocco or Russia Flexible Card Cases, lined with Silk, 9d. each.
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 Best Red or Black Sealing Wax, ten sticks for 1s.; 3s. 9d. per lb.
 Parcel Wax, 1s. per lb.; Elastic Bands, per box of six dozen, 1s., various sizes.
 Visiting Cards, 4d. per pack of fifty; Ebony Pen Trays, 1s. 6d. each.
 Wax Vesta Lights, 1s. per 1000, in box (usually charged 1s. 9d.).
 Drawing Pencils—Best—All Degrees, 2s. 6d. per dozen.
 Parchment Loggins Labels, 4d. per dozen; Adhesive Paper ditto, 2d. per dozen.
 Black Spanish Rosin Blotting Cases, 4to. size, 1s. 9d. each.
 Embossed Blotting Cases, only 1s. each.
 Glass Gum Bottle, with Brush and Gum complete, "useful," only 1s. 6d.
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